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Linda Gilbert



SKETCH OF  
THE LIFE AND WORK  
OF  
LINDA GILBERT,

WITH STATISTICAL REPORTS AND ENGRAVING  
OF HERSELF.

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NEW YORK.

PRINTED AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF THE HEERIKW ORPHAN ASYLUM,  
SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEAR THIRD AVE.

1876.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876,

By LINDA GILBERT

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## DEDICATION.



To you, my dear friend and co-worker, LEONTINA DASSI, of Milan, Italy, I affectionately dedicate this volume, praying that your youthful efforts in behalf of suffering humanity may be crowned with deserved success, and that you will not be called upon to wear your life away, as others have done, before receiving the proper sympathy and recognition of your country.

Woman's noble and self-sacrificing work, of which we have seen such grand results, has never as yet received anything like its proportionate financial encouragement.

I hope the influential gentlemen of Italy, who have sent you such beautiful letters of encouragement, will not forget that it requires more than sympathy to

work in this barren field. Their purse, their hearts, and their willing hands are needed.

I will do all I can to pave the way for your labors, trusting you may be saved the many discouragements I have met with, and that this little volume may awaken an interest which shall tend to lighten the labors of all who are striving to remedy the defects in our present system of treating criminals.

With affectionate regard, I am

Sincerely your friend,

LINDA GILBERT.

## INTRODUCTION.



The following pages will be found to contain a short sketch of the life and the life-work of a noble woman who has devoted her time and means to the reclamation of the outcasts of society. A few extracts and letters relating to the subject, or illustrating the success to be attained in pursuit of it, have likewise been added. They are earnestly recommended to the perusal of all classes of society: to the philanthropist, as bearing pre-eminently on the objects he has most at heart; to the community at large, as showing them the only legitimate way of protecting their persons and property; and to the criminal classes, as proving to them that the teachings of religion are not only professional, but also practical—that they will not be mercilessly hunted down; that they have friends who are willing to extend a helping hand to those who have fallen, and lead them onward in the right path.

Let all those who read this little book strive to secure and firmly establish the good work now languishing for want of means; let the stirring appeal go forth among the people; let the clergy and press rouse the slumbering sympathies of the community; let the legislative bodies appropriate money to a purpose than which they could find no nobler one—for is it not better

to apply the appropriations, now used for the punishment of criminals, to their moral elevation?

When Miss Gilbert's work will be carried on in her spirit, to its fullest extent, then, and not till then, will we have progressed one step in the right direction—a step which will ultimately lead to the thorough comprehension of the great evils lying at the root of our civilization—crime and pauperism. Then and only then will it be possible to go farther and farther, till we finally reach the problem of the greatest magnitude, thus far all but inaccessible—Prevention.

The gentlemen of the press, who have often already shown their zeal in the good cause by publishing some of the successes achieved by Miss Gilbert (who begs to tender her thanks) will do much to further her objects by giving this little book some notice that will help to interest the public in its aims.

In most cases, where extracts have been made, due credit has been given; where this has not been done, it should be attributed to oversight rather than intentional slight.

I. F.

*New York, May, 1876.*

# SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

## LINDA GILBERT.

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THE work of improving the mental and moral condition of the criminally unfortunate classes of society is one which is of comparatively recent birth, and which counts its missionary apostles only by units. Yet it is a work second to no philanthropical labor, in its importance and beneficial results to the human family, since the advent of the Saviour upon earth. In a humbler fashion it follows in his footsteps, and addresses itself to the most uncared for and misguided portion of mankind—a portion which he himself recognized as peculiar objects of his Divine Pity, when he proclaimed that he came not to call the righteous, “but sinners to repentance.”

LINDA GILBERT was born in New York, but her parents removed to Chicago when she was little more than four years of age. Her home was opposite the old brick prison in that city, and when she commenced her education, she had to pass it daily upon her way to school. Unlike the remainder of her school-mates, who would not unnaturally run past it, frightened by the hardened and dark countenances which glared upon them through its barred windows; when no more than ten years of age, she would pause with a word of pity, or a childish glance of tenderness, at those confined within its walls—the more touching, because these were so rarely offered them.

One morning, as she was passing, a face which she had several times seen through the grating, looked at her earnestly, and the man to whom it belonged beckoned to her to stop. Without hesitation the child did so. He was a man already past middle age. His countenance struck her as being noble and intelligent, while his hair and beard were white. This man requested her to show him her school-books. Fearlessly she handed them to him through the bars. When he returned them to her, his eyes were wet, while he complimented her upon her intelligence. Then, after a brief pause, he besought her, if possible, to bring him something to read. She promised him to do so, and then went more slowly than usual upon her way to school. In spite of her childish years, she had begun to realize the suffering of that starvation of intellect to which prisoners were then inevitably doomed while waiting for trial.

The impression thus made upon her mind she carried heavily from day to day. At length she asked, "Father, are the people who write books all good people?" "I think they are generally so," answered the father. "Won't they let naughty people read them?" "Why, dear?" "Because, father, the old man in the prison has done something naughty, and they won't give him any books to read. I want to take him one. Why don't they let him have sunshine?" "He is in prison, dear." "But the sun shines on all the animals; don't God love naughty people at all? Won't he even let the sun shine upon them; wouldn't it make them better?" To these questions, the father was mute. Waiting to think of a fitting answer to the first, he was interrupted by the second question, and felt that his little girl had a sympathy for those who had sinned, which he had neither the power nor desire to rebuke. He went to his library, and selecting such a work as he thought adapted to the old man, he gave it to his little child to take to the prison. Thus, week after week, the child continued her mission to the cell, and every Sunday took the prisoner some book from her father's library. At length there came a messenger to the father, that the old man was dying and begged to see the little girl who had been so kind to him. They went together, and were admitted to the cell of the dying man. There for the first time the child saw the old man face to face. There for the first time she saw the gloomy cell, and stood



in the awful presence of death. She heard the tones of gratitude almost stifled by the depth of feeling, as he said, "Little girl, you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me." Scarcely had she sobbed out her promise, when he convulsively let fall her hand from his, and fell back upon his pillow.

Never before had the child been so deeply impressed, and the promise she had made rang in her ear with the solemnity of an oath. Thus was the life-work of Linda Gilbert determined, at twelve years of age. No earthly ambition was sufficient to tempt her from the prescribed course. She thought long and deeply on the question of punishment, and upon the condition of the condemned, and resolved to devote her life to making prisons reformatory; and to this all her efforts and resources were devoted. Many a curious and stirring incident has given interest to her work, and many an erring life has been led into well-directed ways, through her influence. Her name spread through the ranks of the wicked. Many a man, who had felt her kindness in his sorest need, would have risked his life in her service.

The woman has since that period richly responded to the promise of her childhood. She has no maudlin weakness or timid hesitation in the work which had thus been placed before her. Her sphere of labor is within the stone walls of the prison. She visits, talks with, and reads with their inmates, and continues her work even when they are released, having found employment for many hundreds of them, few of whom have proved themselves unworthy of her kindness.

Hundreds of released prisoners have called on Miss Gilbert, without the means to procure even a night's lodging. Few of these has she ever suffered to depart without assistance. Money, clothing, shelter, and employment have been offered, and rarely received without heartfelt gratitude.

If her labors had ended here, it would have seemed sufficient for a worthy life. But the Prison Missionary felt that, when she had ceased to labor, none might be left to carry on the work she had begun. She, therefore, recognized the necessity of making her charitable work, as far as possible, a lasting benefit to prisoners.

This conviction led to her organization and establishment of the first County Jail Library in Chicago. It was composed of four thousand volumes of miscellaneous and healthy reading, numerous good oil paintings, as well as an organ to be used for Divine Service. The gratitude with which this work was received by the prisoners, and the healthy improvement it produced in their minds—an improvement to which the prison officials give ample testimony—proved an abundant reward, and encouraged her to persevere in other localities. In the St. Louis County Jail she formed, by her exertions, with the help of others whose zeal she had awakened, a library of two thousand volumes. Another library was formed for Sangamon County Jail, Ill. Thousands of volumes have been sent by her to different county and city jails in her native State. Later, she has been engaged in the same noble work in our own city. Here she has formed a library in the Tombs, in the House of Detention, and Ludlow Street Jail, and through her influence a library has been placed in several other institutions. As soon as her work is endowed, she intends to organize a permanent Bureau of Employment for Released Prisoners, and extend the library work into different prisons in the country.

But while she confined her labors to her own State, her own individual means, with the assistance of the friends whom she had awakened to her work, were ample.

In continuing it, as she proposes doing, her work is incalculably more extensive, and more than friendly assistance is required to carry it through. For this work is no sectarian one. It appeals to every benevolent as well as to every practical mind. It addresses itself to the task of drawing criminal humanity from the slough of ignorance which is too often the plentiful parent of continuous sin. It endeavors to redeem society from the continuance and increase of crime. Hence this appeal to thousands who only require it to be made, in support of the labors of one who has devoted many years of her life and the best part of her individual means to her self-sacrificing toil. That it will be amply responded to, can be open to no doubt from those who know the readiness of the people to support all such toil and exertion, when the case has once been fairly and fully laid before them.

## INDUSTRY IN PRISONS.

The following article was written by Miss Gilbert for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

While visiting Ludlow Street Jail a few months ago, I was especially struck with the necessity of active employment, while considering the great capacity of many of the characters there incarcerated. This brought to mind some grave facts concerning the system of labor in our county prisons, and which it will be well to keep before the public.

It is not generally known that there is no well-organized plan of labor, whereby men with active minds can be kept employed in these institutions. Idleness is the door of crime, and men should be ashamed to cage their fellow-men like brutes, giving them no chance for improvement, mentally or morally. Punishment should have for its object a twofold purpose. First, the protection of society; and, second, the reformation of the offender.

Can men be made better by being crowded into cells where three or four pairs of lungs are forced to breathe the same air until they are diseased, with no mental food or work? Does society protect itself by shutting up its weakest members for a time in this manner, and then releasing them with their moral wounds festering to corruption? No! ten thousand times no.

The morally diseased portion of our community should be treated with as much skill as the physically diseased.

What would be thought of a city which not only allowed, but indorsed the erection of a building in the most unhealthy location that could be found, into which men, women, and children who were physically diseased were to be thrust, irrespective of age or malady, with no doctors, no medicine, no health-giving atmosphere, but only sickly odors and deadly infection around them?

Such a Upas of corruption would not be allowed even amidst barbarians; and yet, in every city in this Union, are *moral* charnel-houses, ten times more fearful in their influence than such physical *pest-houses* could be; and we refuse to acknowledge the degradation.

"So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are."

The model prison in Germany is in Bavaria. The superintendent rules by kindness, and the prisoners are urged to industry by rewards.

Every prison in the United States should have over its door, "Educational and Industrial Reformatory."

There should be no long sentences for first offences, nor repeated short ones. *Every murderer* should be sentenced to support the family he has deprived of support.

Every county and city as well as State prison should be self-sustaining. Each prisoner should be allowed an opportunity to engage in some employment, even while awaiting the motion of the courts; and twenty cents of every dollar he earns should go to his starving family. This would prove an industrial tonic, the power of which few criminal physicians understand.

Criminals should be graded according to nature and degree of crime.

Every prison and jail should be supplied with *suitable libraries*. Night-schools should be established. Prisoners should be compelled to keep clean. Soap and water are powerful reformers, and as conducive to moral as physical health. Every State should have an asylum as well as prison; a home, where weak members of God's family may become strong, to fight life's battles honestly.

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## EFFECT OF KIND WORDS.

In the days of the panic in Chicago, a gentleman drew from the bank a large sum of money, and secreted it in his house, before leaving town for a few days. There were a few suspicious-looking men lurking about the house, and the wife, now left in charge, became alarmed, lest the fact of concealing the money had become known. As there was no one but a servant girl with her, she questioned with anxiety what was the best thing to be done. In this emergency she sent for her friend, Miss Gilbert, as one knowing most about such things. Miss Gilbert was known by this class of people so well, she rightly judged, that if the men who were watching about the house should see her, they might respect the premises. During

the night there was a sound of some one opening the door. Miss Gilbert went to the shutter of a window opening on the same piazza as the door, and inquired who was there and what was wanted. "I've come to get some supper," replied a voice on the outside. "No, you have not," rejoined Miss Gilbert; "what drove you to this fearful life?" This was a question familiar to all whom she had visited in the prison cell, and the man recognized the voice. "Is it Miss Gilbert?" "Yes." "Do you live here?" "No, I am visiting." Then followed a long conversation, in which she appealed to his better nature to desist from his purpose. He had been released for three weeks from the county jail, had vainly applied for work, had neither a trade nor education, could do nothing as well as stealing, had subsisted on scraps of garbage on the side-walks or in barrels, and had slept wherever a corner might give him shelter. Miss Gilbert pushed a five-dollar bill beneath the shutter to him, told him to get supper and lodging, to come to her the next morning, and that she would get him a situation. He bade her good-by, promising to see her in the morning, and to lead a good life for the future. After he had left, the ladies looked from the window, and saw this man, standing with a hand on each gate-post, contending with six other men, who at length yielded to his will and left the place. On the following day, Miss Gilbert was waiting on the piazza of her own house, when a ragged vagrant approached. She went to the gate, shook hands with him, and asked if he held to his promise. He said he would try to. "That is not the word I want," she replied; "say that you *will*." After a struggle he repeated her word—he would. She then gave him his breakfast, and left him on the piazza, while she went to the relief society to get him a suit of clothes. She found that this gift quite subdued his nature, and that he was then quite under her control. She gave him money for a bath and to get shaved. "Go," said she, "and when you come back, walk straight, hold your head up, and look more confident in yourself." On his return, she went with him to the Inebriate Asylum and paid for a week's board for him there, while she was looking for a place of employment.

It was no easy task to find this. People are chary of employing a "jail bird," and one does not feel pleasant in recommending him.

On this occasion, however, an opportunity presented itself in the following manner. A farmer in Loselle County, Illinois, required four farm hands. He was a good Methodist, and his family were generous and kind to their employees. Miss Gilbert knew of two other men who wished the situation; one a good experienced farmer and practical Christian. To him alone she confided the story of her protégé, told him of the trials of the man's past life, of his resolves for the future, of his experience in work or honest employment, of the necessity of giving him encouragement and counsel. Above all she begged of him to keep all this secret, even from the man himself.

It is five years since then. Faithfully has that good Christian man done his part. No word has ever passed his lips to criminate his fellow-worker, and he has treated him as a brother. Having prospered in worldly good, he is now proprietor of a large farm. As for the subject of our story, he remains still upon the original farm, and has proved one of the best workmen the proprietor has ever employed. The same county had been the scene of nearly ten years—with short intervals—of prison life, and these five years of honest work. He has married, and is in all respects now thoroughly reliable; he has learned to read, but has still to dictate his letters of gratitude to Miss Gilbert. This case proves that the most confirmed cases may be reformed with *practical* influences.

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### SHOULD "JAIL BIRDS" BE HUNTED DOWN?

The following individual case well illustrates the difficulties attending the reformation of the criminal, however anxious or willing he may be to do right, and offers a complete solution to the question, "Why is the criminal so seldom reclaimed?"

*From the "Chicago Tribune."*

A youth of sixteen years of age had been, for some offence, committed to jail. At the time of his discharge, Miss Gilbert, as is customary with her, counselled him to try to be good, assured him of her sympathy, and that all good people would aid him. He left, promising good behavior, evidently intending to seek employment



and follow the advice of his new friend. Soon after this, Miss Gilbert, still following him with her sympathy, found him at a cheap boarding-house where he had secured lodgings, and entered into friendly converse with him. This had been observed by the keeper of the house, and after Miss G. left (being well known as connected with the work of prison reform), he asked the boy if he were a "jail bird," adding, "If you are, leave my house at once." No explanation or promise of future good conduct availed, and back to Miss Gilbert he came with his pitiful story, closing the recital by saying, "There is no use in my trying to be good; nobody will help me; all are against me."

Determined that the good work of reformation just begun should not come to naught, his kind benefactress paid from her own pocket for two weeks' board for the boy, at the end of which time she found him employment.

"When will the people of this Christian land learn the wisdom of pursuing such a course of treatment toward our criminals as shall make them better, instead of sinking them lower into crime and degradation?"

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the faults I see;  
What mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

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### JAMES WILSON'S WILL.

Written by Miss Gilbert from notes taken in James Wilson's Cell, just before his execution.

I wish it were in my power to call the attention of the legislative bodies and prison authorities throughout the United States to the tone and drift of this criminal's last bequest.

#### HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

James Wilson gave his body to the Medical College at New Haven, to be used for the advancement of science, provided they would employ competent counsel to solicit the Legislature of the State to pass certain laws for the better and more Christian government of the prisons of the State.

*First*, he wishes the officers of the State prison to be restrained from kicking and striking, or otherwise abusing any of the prisoners, except in self-defence, under the penalty of dismissal, trial, and conviction to imprisonment for three months in the county jail for such violation of duty.

*Secondly*, that the punishment of the lash and shower-bath should be abolished. That the only punishment allowed to be inflicted should be confinement in a dark cell on bread and water, unless for the attempt to escape, in which case the offender may be compelled to wear the ball and chain. This, however, should be in no case for a longer period than one month for each offence, and as the dark cells are unfurnished, they must in every case have board floors, be kept clean and properly warmed.

*Thirdly*, he requires that the directors should visit the State prison between the first and fourth of every month, make its entire round, and unaccompanied by any officer of the prison; they shall see each prisoner, and give him a chance to speak of the food, treatment, or punishment he has received or experienced. That in making their annual report, they state all infractions of prison-discipline, with the specific punishment for each offence, without mentioning the names of the prisoners.

*Fourthly*, that in this annual report they shall give a full statement of the income and expenses of the prison, also seeing that the pay of the officials shall be sufficient to secure intelligent and competent men.

An officer of a prison who considers himself at liberty to strike, kick, or physically maltreat, whether for personal insolence or insubordination, commits an offence for which, beyond the walls of the prison, he himself would be amenable to imprisonment or fine.

Has a criminal no rights?

If he can be kicked or beaten, by those in charge of him, for one degree of insubordination, why not with a crowbar smash his skull for a greater offence? The difference is merely one of degree. Again, in outside life the lash is only used for animals; it renders even them more brutal. As for the constant use of the shower-bath, we all know that in time it destroys the mind.

With regard to the duties of the directors, we should trust that



the mere hint, given them by one who has already passed beyond the confines of the grave, would be sufficient.

Wilson has told the Legislature some things they will do well to listen to, and whatever his crimes (for which he has paid the utmost penalty) may have been, I honestly believe a man of his intelligence—had not his earliest experience of prison life been purely penal rather than reformatory—would have ultimately graduated in a better college than that, whose last degree is the gallows.

Judge not the working of the brain and of the heart thou canst not see. If the veil from the heart could be torn, and the mind could be read on the brow, there are many whom we now condemn, we would pass by with pity.

## ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right ! Good-by, old chap !

Twenty-four hours, that won't be long.

Nothing to do but take a nap,

And—say ! can a fellow sing a song ?

Will the light fantastic be in order,—

A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor ?

What are the rules for a regular boarder ?

Be quiet ? All right !—*Clang Clang* goes the door !

*Clang Clink*, the bolts ! and I am locked in.

Some pious reflection and repentance

Come next, I suppose, for I just begin

To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence—

“ One day whereof shall be solitary.”

Here I am at the end of my journey,

And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very !—

I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney !

He took my money, the very last dollar,—

Didn't leave me so much as a dime,

Not enough to buy me a paper collar

To wear at my trial.—he knew all the time

'Twas some that I got for the stolen silver !

Why hasn't he been indicted too ?

If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,  
He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury  
To see him step up, and laugh and chat  
With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,  
When all was over,—then go for his hat,—  
While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,  
And all I could do was to stand and stare !  
He had pleaded my cause,—he had played his part  
And got his fee,—and what more did he care ?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,  
The world goes jogging on the same '—  
Old men will save and boys will squander,  
And fellows will play at the same old game  
Of get-and-spend,—to-morrow, next year,—  
And drink and carouse,—and who will there be  
To remember a comrade buried here ?  
I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me !

And Sue,—yes, she will forget me too !  
I know ! already her tears are drying.  
I believe there is nothing that girl can do  
So easy as laughing and lying and crying.  
She clung to me well while there was hope,  
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob ;—  
But she ain't going to sit and mope  
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt ;  
And I must forget to speak or smile.  
I shall go marching in and out,  
One of a silent, tramping file  
Of felons, at morning and noon and night,—  
Just down to the shops and back to the cells,—  
And work with a thief at left and right,  
And feed and sleep—nothing else !

Was I born for this ? Will the old folks know ?  
I can see them now on the old home place ;  
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,  
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face ;  
While she goes wearily groping about

In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad !—  
 But this won't do ! I must sing and shout,  
 And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish ; although, for a minute,  
 I was there in my little room once more.  
 What wouldn't I give just now to be in it ?  
 The bed is yonder, and there is the door ;  
 The Bible is here on the neat white stand ;  
 The summer-sweets are ripening now ;  
 In the flickering light I reach my hand  
 From the window, and pluck them from the bough !

When I was a child (Oh, well for me  
 And them if I had never been older !)  
 When he told me stories on his knee,  
 And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder ;  
 When she knelt down and heard my prayer,  
 And gave me in bed my good-night kiss,—  
 Did ever they think that all their care  
 For an only son could come to this ?

Foolish again ! No sense in tears  
 And gnashing the teeth ! And yet—somehow—  
 I haven't thought of them so for years !  
 I never knew them, I think, till now.  
 How fondly, how blindly they trusted me !  
 When I should have been in my bed asleep,  
 I slipped from the window, and down the tree,  
 And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie,—how could I bear to leave her ?  
 If I had but wished—but I was a fool !  
 My heart was filled with a thirst and fever  
 Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.  
 I can hear her asking,—“ Have you heard ? ”  
 But mother falters, and shakes her head :  
 “ O Jennie ! Jennie ! never a word !  
 What can it mean ? He must be dead ! ”

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,  
 I left my home that morning in May ;  
 What visions, what hopes, what plans I had !  
 And what have I—where are they all—to-day ?

Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,  
 Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend,—  
 And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming :  
 Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end !

Five years ! Shall ever I quit this prison ?  
 Homeless an outcast, where shall I go ?  
 Return to them, like one arisen  
 From the grave, that was buried long ago ?  
 All is still,—it's the close of the week ;  
 I slink through the garden, I stop by the well—  
 I see him totter, I hear her shriek !—  
 What sort of a tale will I have to tell ?

But here I am ! What's the use of grieving ?  
 Five years—will it be too late to begin ?  
 Can sober thinking and honest living  
 Still make me the man I might have been ?—  
 I'll sleep ;—Oh, would I could wake to-morrow  
 In that old room, to find, at last,  
 That all my trouble and all their sorrow  
 Are only a dream of the night that is past !

*Atlantic Monthly.*—J. T. Trowbridge.

## SELF-TOLD HISTORY OF A REFORMED PRISONER.

The following letter, taken from the *New York Prisoner's Friend*, explains itself.

[We are able to vouch for the truth of this narrative in every particular. The letter is a real epistle, written from one who had been in the State prison to one who was at the time of writing still an inmate. We have simply changed all names, in order to avoid the possibility of a recognition of the parties.]

FRIEND TOM, if i may call you so, i know you are surprized to get a letter from me, but i hope you wont be mad at my writing to you. I want to tell you my thanks for the way you talked to me when i was in prison, it has led me to be a better man. I guess you thought I did not cair for what you said, & at the first go off i didn't,

but i noed you was a man who had don big work with good men, & want no Sucker, nor want gasing, & all the boys knod it.

I used to think at nite what you said, & for it i knocked off swearing 5 months before my time was up, for I saw it want no good nohow—the day my time was up you told me if i would shake the cross [quit stealing] & live on the square for three months it would be the best job i ever done in my life. The state agent give me a ticket to here, & on the car i thought more of what you last said to me, but didn't make up my mind. When we got to Y—— on the cars from there to here i pulled off an old woman's leather [robbed her of her pocket-book] i hadent no more than got it off when i wished i hadent done it; for a while before i made up my mind to be a square bloke for 3 months on your word, but forgot it when i saw the leather was a gif [easy to get], but i kept clos to her & when she out of the cars at a way place, i said, mam, have you lost anything, & she tumbled her leather was off [found her purse was gone], is this it, says i, giving it to her. Well, says she, if you arn't honest, but i hadent got cheek enough to stand that sort of talk, so i left her in a hurry.

When i got here i had \$1 and 25 cents left, & i didnt get no work for 3 days, as i aint strong enough for a roust-about [deck hand] on a steam bote. The afternoon of the 3d day i spent my last 10 cents for 2 moons [large round sea biscuit] and cheese & was thinking i would have to go on the dip again [picking pockets], when i thought of what you once said, about a fellors calling on the Lord when he was in hard luck, & i thought i would try it once anyhow, but when i tryed it, i got stuck on the start, and all i could get off was Lord give a poor fellow a chance to square it for 3 months, for Christs Sake, Amen, & i kept a thinking of it over & over as i went along. About an hour after that, i was in 4th St., & this is what happened, & is the cause of my being where i am now, & about which i will tell you before i get done writing. As i was walking along i herd a big noise & saw a horse running away with a carriage with 2 children in it, i grabbed up a piece of box-cover from the sidewalk and run in the middle of the street, & and when the horse came up i smashed him over the head as hard as i could drive, the bord split to peces & the horse checked up a little & i

grabbed the reins and pulled his head down until he stopped. The gentleman what owned him came running up and as soon as he saw the children were all rite, he shook hands with me and gave me a \$50 greenback, and my asking the Lord to help me, came into my head, & i was so thunderstruck, i couldn't drop the reins nor say nothing, he saw something was up, & coming back to me said, my boy are you hurt? & the thought come into my head just then to ask him for work, & i asked him to take back the bill & give me a job, says he jump in here and lets talk about it, but keep the money. He asked me if i could take care of horses, & i said yes, for i used to hang round livery stablès, & often would help clean and drive horses, he told me he wanted a man for that work & would give me \$16 a month & bord me. You bet i took that chance at once, that nite in my little room over tle stable i sat a long time thinking over my past life & of what had just hapened, & i just got down on my knees & thanked the Lord for the job, & to help me to square it, & to bless you for putting me up to it, & the next morning i done it again & got me some new togs [clothes] & a bible, for i made up my mind, after what the Lord had done for me, i would read a little every nite and morning, & ask him to keep an eye on me.

When i had been there about a week, Mr. Z—— (that's his name) came in my room one nite, and saw me reading the bible. He asked me if I was a Christian, and i told him no—he asked me how it was i read the Bible instead of papers and books. Well, Tom, I thought i had better give him a square deal on the start, so i told him all about my being in prison & about you, & how i had almost done give up looking for work, & how the Lord got me the job, when i asked him, & the only way i had to pay him back was to read the Bible & square it, & i asked him to give me a chance for three months. He talked to me like a father for a long time & told me i could stay, & then i felt better than ever i had done in my life, for i had given Mr. Z—— a fair start with me, & now i didnt fear no one giving me a back cap [exposing his past life] & running me off the job.

The next morning he called me into the library & gave me another square talk & advised me to study some every day & he would

help me one or two hours every nite, & he gave me a arithmetic, a spelling-book, a geography, & a writing-book, & he hers me every nite. He lets me come into the house to prayers every morning & got me put in a Bible-class in the Sunday-school, which i likes very much, for it helps me to understand my Bible better.

Now, Tom, the 3 months on the square are up 2 months ago, & as you said, it is the best job i ever did in my life, & i commenced another of the same sort right away, only it is God helping me to last a lifetime, Tom. I wrote this letter to tell you i do think God has forgiven my sins, & herd your prayers, for you told me you should pray for me, i no i love to read his word & tell him all my troubles, & he helps me i know for i have plenty of chances to steal, but i dont feel to as i once did, & now i take more pleasure in going to church than to the theatre & that wasn't so once.

Our minister & others often talk with me & a month ago they wanted me to join the church, but i said no not now, i may be mistaken in my feelings, i will wait awhile. But now I feel that God has called me, & on the first Sunday in July i will join the church—dear friend, i wish i could write to you as i feel but i can't do it yet.

You kno i learned to read and rite while in prisons, & i aint got well enough along to write as i would talk; i no i aint spelled all the words rite in this, & lots of other mistakes but you will excuse it i no, for you know i was brought up in a poorhouse, until i run away & that i never new who my father and mother was, and i don't know my rite name, & I hope you wont be mad at me, but i have as much rite to one name as another & I have taken your name, for you wont use it when you get out, i no, and you are the man i think most of in the world; so i hope you wont be mad—I am doing well i put \$10 a month in bank with \$25 out of the \$50, if you ever want any or all of it, let me know, & it is yours, i wish you would let me send you some now. I send you with this a receipt for a year of Littell's Living Age, i didn't know what you would like & i told Mr. Z——, & he said he thought you would like it. i wish i was nere you, so i could send you chuck [refreshments] on holidays, it would spoil this weather from here, but i will send you a box next thanksgiving any way. Next week Mr. Z—— takes me into his store as lite porter

& will advance me as soon as i know a little more : he keeps a big granary store, wholesale.

I forgot to tell you of my Mission Sunday-school class, the school is in the Sunday afternoon, I went out 2 Sunday afternoons & picked up seven kids [little boys] & got them to come in. Two of them knew as much as i did & i had them put in a class where they could learn something, i don't know much myself, but as these kids cant read, i get on nicely with them. i make sure of them by going after them every Sunday  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour before schooltime, i also got four girls to come.

Tell Mack & Harry about me if they will come out here, when their time is up, i will get them jobs at once.

I hope you will excuse this long letter & all mistakes. i wish i could see you for i can't write as i would talk. I hope the warm weather is doing your lungs. i was afraid when you was bleeding you would die. Give my respects to all the boys, and tell them how i am doing, i am doing well, & every one here treats me as kind as they can. Mr. Z—— is going to write to you some time, i hope some day you will write to me.

This letter is from your very true friend who you no as ———

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### SAVED BY A WOMAN.

*A Pickpocket and Burglar from Joliet at last in a Legitimate Business.*

As Miss Linda Gilbert, who has done so much for the inmates of prisons in all parts of the country, was walking down Broadway recently, she was gently tapped on the shoulder. Turning she saw a well-dressed man, who bowed and smiled. Thinking that she had been insulted, she was about to proceed on her way, but was arrested by the words :

“ Miss Gilbert, don't you remember me ? ”

She looked sharply at the man for a few minutes. He extended his hand, saying, “ Don't you remember me in Joliet, the State prison of Illinois ? ”

“ Why, Charley ——,” said she, “ what are you doing here ? ”



He blushed and bowed.

"Are you at your old business?" she asked. He had been a notorious pickpocket and burglar, and had served several terms in State prisons. He was well educated, was handsome, and might have been mistaken for an honest, industrious person, in well-to-do circumstances. Seeing that they might have too many listeners in the street, Miss Gilbert invited the man to her home, saying that she wished to have a long talk with him. He called that evening.

"Well, Charley," said she, greeting him cordially, "what have you done since you arrived in the city?"

Half closing his eyelids he answered, "I took a watch and \$500 yesterday."

"I am sorry for you," said Miss Gilbert. "I want you to be a better man. Why will you always live with the State prison staring you in the face? Why do you not settle down to some honest employment? You have wonderful ability and can conduct an honorable business."

He turned his head, unable to look into the face of the earnest woman before him, and replied:

"What shall I do?"

"Return the watch and money you stole while here, and then come to me," said Miss Gilbert, "and I will assist you. I will see that you are not punished, and try to put you into some good work."

He promised that he would restore the watch and money, and went away. The next evening he was again at Miss Gilbert's. He told her that he went to the office of the gentleman he had robbed and handed back the watch and money, and that the gentleman without saying anything gave him \$100.

"Here is \$50 more," said Miss Gilbert, handing him that amount, and adding, "now I will get you into business."

A small cigar store in one of the avenues on the west side was procured for him, and he is doing a good business. None of his neighbors know that he was ever a professional pickpocket and burglar, and all have great confidence in him and believe him an upright, honorable man, as he tells Miss Gilbert he will always be.

It should be added to the above, that his wife and children refused to acknowledge him, on his release from ten years' imprisonment,

thus forcing him back into the current of crime; but that through Miss Gilbert's efforts the discordant elements have been harmonized, and he is now entirely restored to his family and to society.—*New York Sun*.

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A true history of individual suffering witnessed by Geo. Francis Train furnished the inspiration for the following poem.

### EPIGRAM.

*Written in Jail, in the City of Churches, Midnight, March 10th, 1871.*

Christian! list to a sickening tale  
Of a fearful night in the County Jail;  
A night of horror within the pale  
Of the holy City of Churches!

Five human beings in a rotten den,  
Treated like brutes instead of men,  
Packed like hogs in a stinking pen,  
In the holy City of Churches!

No pillows, basins, towels, or mats;  
But plenty of bedbugs, spiders and bats,  
A municipality of political rats,  
In the holy City of Churches!

I frankly admit, I am ill at ease;  
This itching, I know, is not from fleas,  
Have I been catching the Ring disease,  
That infects the City of the Churches?

Hark! do you hear that awful moan—  
That agonizing, crying monotone,  
So horribly like a dying groan,  
In the holy City of Churches?

What is it that makes him curse and rave?  
Quick, there! a light! perhaps we'll save  
A fellow-creature from a bloody grave,  
In the holy City of Churches!

My God! Oh, see this dreadful thing—  
A sight that should any conscience sting—  
A wretched victim of a swindling Ring!  
In the holy City of Churches!

How many days can he have spent,  
Worshipping God in the middle of Lent,  
Wallowing here in his excrement !

In the holy City of Churches !

Completely naked on the floor of his cell,  
Covered with blood from whence he fell ;  
If this is Heaven, I am off for Hell !

In the holy City of Churches !

Bergh's stout heart would surely quail,  
If he could hear this dismal wail  
Of a dying man in a Christian jail,

In the holy City of Churches !

The *Times* reporter saw him bathed in gore  
Through a little hole in the dungeon door ;  
And turned away—he could stand no more,—

In the holy city of Churches !

Five witnesses showed him this case of distress,  
Which the Ring Chief Storey has dared to suppress.  
At last I've trapped this subsidized press

In the holy City of Churches !

Fisk, and Tweed, and Tammany Hall,  
And the Domingo job are bitter as gall ;  
But the Chicago Ring discounts them all—

In the holy City of Churches !

Imprisoned in almost every land,  
Where fighting for liberty I took my stand,  
Yet I never met such an infamous band

As the holy City of Churches !

O God ! who doeth all things well,  
Why wind around my heart this spell !  
Are you in the Ring of the Court House bell  
Of the holy City of Churches ?

With a woman sheriff would such things be—  
Such filth and pitiless misery ?  
Thank Heaven! the world will soon be free !

In the holy City of Churches !

It makes the chills all o'er me creep—  
But my eyes ache so I cannot weep.

The live long night—I could not sleep,  
In the holy City of Churches !

When will the outraged people rise—  
In lamp-post justice with earnest cries,  
And a wild hurrah for the next that dies ?  
In that holy City of Churches !

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Mr. G. F. Train was applied to to furnish in detail the incident which suggested the above powerful and soul-stirring piece of poetry, whereupon he sent the following letter in reply.

MADISON AVENUE PARK,  
NEW YORK, April 15th, P. E. 47.

MISS LINDA GILBERT,

*The Prison Reformer :*

I remember that jail poem, but have no copy. I take no interest in my literary children. I have made many books, but do not possess a copy of any edition. I have had many prints, and paintings, and photo's taken, but have no copy. I do not exist as I was, I died in the jails. By-and-by you will refuse to eat meat, shake hands, or wear away your life in looking after prisoners. The same indefatigable energy in looking after the body that Moody shows in looking after the soul, and you have shown in providing for the mind, and Bergh shows for horses, would do much to rescue humanity from men. You need rest, Turkish baths, and oxygen and sun. We are on the eve of thrilling psychological changes. I feel it in the air.

G. F. TRAIN.

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### THE WORK IN ITALY.

The following article, translated from *L'Eco d'Italia*, will show that, by a recent correspondence between Saffi of Rome, Garibaldi, Giuseppe Dassi of Milan, and Miss Gilbert, influences have been brought to bear upon leading minds in Italy, and a movement is now being organized in honor of her work there. She is in receipt of letters of congratulation and encouragement from Italy, France,

and Germany, offering to place money in her hands to work with, if she will labor in their country.

Must the work be left to die at home for want of means, while she is receiving such encouragement from abroad?

#### REHABILITATION OF PRISONERS.

The humane thought of the rehabilitation of prisoners, vindicated in America with so much faith and hope by the philanthropist, Miss Linda Gilbert of New York, finds also in Italy generous disciples among the gentle sex. These, subjecting themselves to sacrifices and to unwearyed work, intend, in the first place, to soften the hearts of these unhappy ones through useful books, then, at the expiration of their sentence, to provide them with work. The task certainly is not one of the easiest, from the inveterate prejudices which are maintained against criminals; but with good wishes, zeal, and abnegation, it will not be impossible to woman, who has so much power over humanity, to attain those results.

One of the standard-bearers, in Italy, of this eminently Christian work is the gracious Signorina Leontina Dassi, daughter of the eminent patriot, Signor Giuseppe Dassi, President of the Lombard Committee at the Centennial Exposition, who now in her childhood has dedicated herself with intelligent affection to the relief and improvement of criminals. The illustrious and venerable patriot Aurelio Saffi, formerly triumvir of the Roman Republic, moved by the virtue of the above-named Signorina Dassi, addressed to her the following most affectionate letter:

MY YOUNG AND GENTLE FRIEND :

I have owed you for some time an acknowledgment for the good and kind words which you sent me, in making me a present of your Biographical Sketches of Miss Linda Gilbert, though, if I have delayed to thank you for them, do not think that I have forgotten my indebtedness. You, laboring to let Italy know the great good which that merciful woman is doing in the American prisons, and proposing to imitate her, ask counsel and encouragement of me. May you have as much as I can offer you: sincere sympathy and profound faith in the thought which inspires you. The present system, even in countries most disposed to consult the warnings of humanity and

science in this matter, generally seeks the physical punishment more than the moral correction of the criminal. This tends to degrade rather than to elevate him; it eradicates from his mind every good intention, deprives him of self-respect, and the hope of being able to regain the respect of others.

In the majority of cases, our prisons, as Oliver Goldsmith said of those of his day, "confine wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them to society ready to commit a thousand."

Certainly, the gentler and more humane sentiments of our age have prepared the soil for the great reform which a few generous souls have inaugurated since that time. The ideas of Beccaria in Italy, and of Goldsmith in Ireland, find, in almost all the countries of Europe, active disciples, whose noble efforts will bring forth happy results, and to-day we have the illustrious compassion of Linda Gilbert in America.

It is precisely in this way that you have forwarded in Italy Miss Gilbert's blessed work, which adds so much to the mission of woman you understand so well.

I therefore rejoice in my heart with you and with that chosen and good daughter of Italy, who, in the periodical *La Donna*, has lovingly worked for several years to rouse the sisters of her country to a sense of their duties, regardless of fatigue, infirmity, or abuse. I rejoice and hope, because in the gentle affections of woman is the key of our future. To her—as saint of the domestic hearth, and as sister of charity of the social world—is committed the major portion of the education of minds in goodness and evil power: through her virtue, the character of a whole nation can be changed. And you, inspired with the true conception of the law of life, through the noble exertions of your parents, who in your early youth feel so worthily the need of consecrating yourself to the elevation of your fellow-creatures, may you have with my prayers this comfort: that your resolve is one of those which are blessed by men and by Heaven.

Remember me with affection to your dear ones, and accept a cordial grasp of the hand from your devoted

AURELIO SAFFI.

## JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE.

AN EXTRACT FROM MISS GILBERT'S LECTURE BEFORE THE  
WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.

The popular notion is, that when a person commits a crime, he should be pursued by all the "dogs of war" that can be "let loose" and pressed into the service of the law. That red-handed Justice, mounted on a fiery charger, attended by a full staff of blood-hounds, four-legged and two-legged, and armed with a hangman's noose, a scorpion lash, and other instruments of death and torture, should chase him up and down the world with vindictive fury, till at last the panting fugitive is overtaken, captured, and made the subject of retributive vengeance, at the hands of an outraged public. And amid the excitement of the chase, and the trial that follows the capture, not one in a thousand stops to inquire into the antecedents of the offender—to learn what were the mental and moral proclivities which he inherited at his birth—under what kind of influences he was cradled and reared—how abnormal and debasing the conditions which have surrounded him through all his previous life, or what peculiar temptations worked upon his mind and heart, when the unlawful deed was done. All that is known, all that the public seek to know, is that he has committed a crime, and the cry is: "Crucify him, crucify him!"

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## A PRISONER'S APPEAL.

WINNEBAGO COUNTY JAIL,  
OSHKOSH, WIS., December 30th, 1875.

DEAR MISS GILBERT:

From various notices in the newspaper press, I learn that you nobly devote yourself to the important work of reforming criminals, and have done much to lighten the burden of prison life, and furnish released prisoners with assistance, etc.

The knowledge of this fact emboldens me to address you from this

dreary place, in the hope that you will kindly interest yourself in my behalf.

You will, I am sure, overlook the many imperfections exhibited in my present letter, as it is written under the disadvantages consequent upon a dimly lighted apartment containing neither table nor desk to write upon, and amid the noisy and numerous interruptions of several other prisoners.

I was formerly in respectable circumstances in Canada, and engaged in mercantile business in connection with the Southern States. Until the rebellion broke out, things prospered tolerably well with me, but when the war commenced, by one fell swoop, I lost the whole of my property—by a stroke, sudden, fatal, and irretrievable. The blow came with crushing force, and was not without a very serious and deleterious effect upon my character. Gathering together a few dollars, and possessing some literary reputation as correspondent of a European journal, I came on to New York, and applied to the late James Gordon Bennett, for a position on the editorial staff of the *Herald*, as a war correspondent. Not obtaining it immediately, I joined the United States army, and served through the war in the capacity of a hospital steward.

At the conclusion of hostilities, I came out West, and became connected with the newspaper press, first in Indiana, then in Illinois, and latterly in this State. Owing to the dull times, my last venture in the newspaper business proved disastrous, and drained me of every dollar I possessed. I subsequently engaged in canvassing for several papers, but my exertions proved so unprofitable to me that I was at last obliged to part with watch, books, and clothing, to procure the means of subsistence, and defray travelling expenses.

Arriving in this town in the beginning of September last, I was in such reduced circumstances, that for several days I had made dinner the single meal of twenty-four hours, and was without a shelter at night. While in this extremity of suffering, in a half crazy condition, I took a coat belonging to a guest at a hotel, and sold it for a small sum, at a second-hand clothing store. The theft having been seen, I was arrested, pleaded guilty to the charge, and was sentenced by Justice Sarrau to four months' imprisonment in the county jail, with hard labor.



My sentence expires on the 9th of January, 1876, at which date I will be discharged in a most deplorable state of destitution. My clothes have been worn out, my boots are entirely unfit for a Wisconsin winter; overcoat I have none, and only an old summer straw hat to wear on my head. I have neither got *one cent* of money, and when I leave this jail, will go out into the piercing cold without a roof to shelter me.

During the term of my imprisonment, I have been employed in sawing, splitting, and carrying in stove-wood to the court-house, county offices, and jail; lighting the fires and cleaning the court-house, etc., and the wear and tear of my clothes has been so great that Sheriff Stephens kindly furnished me with cottonade pants and a pair of socks, on Christmas day.

By the pressing necessities of my condition I am forced to apply somewhere for assistance until I can obtain some kind of employment.

The duty of repentance by confessing and forsaking my sins is vividly impressed upon me. I have been a wanderer from God, and I feel that it is my duty to return to him. I have offended him by transgressing his laws, and it is my duty to confess the same, and to ask the divine forgiveness. I see clearly the path I should take on my return to the outer world, and the high duties for which I should brace myself; and then again, a season of depression succeeds, and there are times when almost a paralysis falls upon the powers of my mind. It becomes unnerved for decision, and incompetent to strike out a line of action to be adopted, when once more a free man.

At such seasons life seems hardly worth the having. It is sad to speak or to think in this strain, but as in the various relations of life there is generally friend, child, or kinsman to own our love, so the Christian heart love is wider than these, and can even take in the loneliness of the most estranged and degraded, and most distant.

I pray daily to our Heavenly Father to enable me to abstain from future acts of sin, and that the temptations to which I shall be exposed on going out again into the world, may be successfully encountered and mastered.

The wheel of life revolves. Our very mistakes in life may be over-

ruled for higher ends, and our very tears water spiritual growth, that may hereafter become rich with immortal fruit. The force of adverse circumstances is sometimes one of the weapons in the divine arsenal whereby our self-discipline is accomplished, and we are brought out of ourselves by the sorrow that comes not out of the ground, and the trouble that comes not from the dust, into simple dependence on an overruling power.

But I fear that I am trespassing upon your patience. I feel certain that you have numerous claims upon your generosity, and that perhaps, however willing you may be to render assistance, circumstances may not permit of your doing so. I earnestly trust, however, that you may be able to do something for me. One has said, "no man may deliver his brother, he can but throw him a plank." Throw me a plank, if in your power. I well know from the estimation in which you are held, that to promote those supreme objects which are dear to the hearts of all Christian people is your highest ambition, if it be in your power to do so. Life is popularly said to be decided by its turning points. There will come a turning point in my life within a very few days. There is the danger of a relapse if some assistance is not extended to me, and this fact troubles my mind exceedingly, and causes me to dread again facing a cold world, penniless, homeless, and ragged.

Appealing to your kindness and sympathy, and requesting you as a favor to keep my name confidential, I am, etc.

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## LIBERATED PRISONERS AND REPEATED CRIME.

### THE DANGERS OF THE UNEMPLOYED—THE REMEDY FOR THEIR SALVATION AND OUR SAFETY.

The Boston papers in recent issue conveyed to the public these sad words: "John Hurley, the youthful burglar, who has thirteen years of unexpired sentence to serve in the State Prison, told the deputy chief of police on Saturday, that he had suffered more outside the prison than within it. During the past three weeks he has been unable to obtain work, and has had little food and nowhere to lodge."

This appalling case is not an exception; it is only a representative case—one of the many. The simple, unvarnished truth is, that the liberated prisoner is met almost universally with fear, with an utter want of confidence, by the better classes. Worse than this—he is met with neglect, with cold and icy repulsion, and with but little of the confidence, sympathy, and kindness so essential to quicken, invigorate, and make strong his highest and best nature.

The difficulties of a discharged convict in obtaining business are simply indescribable; but few mechanics and manufacturers are willing to employ them; the same is true of merchants. In many places an applicant for employment is asked if he has ever been in a penal institution as a convict. If truthful, he goes out as poor Hurley did—to the street, to be hungry and homeless. Where shall these discouraged, weary outcasts lay their anxious heads? If a kind-hearted employer or boarding-house keeper takes them, the employed and the boarders give notice that they will leave if the “jail bird” remains.

Prisoners—*good men*—have been offered pardons if they could find good places, and some of the best men and women have sought such places for them, but, failing to find parties to take them, the proffered pardon has been of no advantage, and the prisoner remained his appointed time “behind the bars.” Such being the facts, how can they stand, with every avenue of honorable employment closed to them, with all respectability indifferent to or afraid of them?

Their fall and our danger are made certain where there are none to give them a warm and cordial reception but the dangerous classes, none to offer them work but the enemies of society, as thieves in all their divisions, as drummers and procurers of houses of infamy, as gamblers, etc., etc. With such repulsions, difficulties, temptations, is it strange that so many of this class fall in the conflict which we force upon them? Is it not more astonishing that so many stand firm and honest? Should we not rather expect that under this pressure they will yield to temptation and again fall into crime, and sooner or later subject you and every tax-payer to the expense of capturing, convicting, and returning them to prison, in which the evil tendencies of their natures must be excited, exasperated, strengthened, and developed, as yours or mine would be in their situation?

For all these evils we must seek the remedy. The best interests of all prisoners, and especially of those about to be released, call earnestly for it.

The best interests of our youths, who are in danger of being led into crime, demand it. The protection of our mothers, wives, and daughters from fright, nervous shocks, paralysis, and death demands security from burglars.

The safe protection and enjoyment of our property demands the remedy. The remedy is simply and easily obtained. If John Hurley had had work, he would not have committed the crime. The remedy is employment; if this cannot be obtained in the ordinary way, by the efforts of the unemployed, by the assistance of friends, or by the many missionary or industrial agencies, then a great industrial institution will meet the necessity. It should embrace a *farm* and workshops of many kinds, which shall be open at all times to the unemployed—where they can earn moderate wages, and stay until a better prospect opens before them; a great institution to which society can direct all applicants for work or help, with an absolute certainty of their reception; *the only essentials to admission being a desire to work and a willingness to conform to reasonable and humane regulations.* The endowment of such an institution by the benevolent, or by the city, county, or State, would lift a great burden and care from the honest and industrious poor, many of whom suffer in private, and never name their destitution. It would save hundreds from dishonest and unworthy means to obtain a living; *and last, but not least, it would clearly designate those* who choose to be beggars and thieves, and so enable our officers the more effectually to look after them and protect us. The industrial institution can easily be founded; each city can easily endow one, and every densely populated county in our country should have one—yes, two, one a voluntary and the other an involuntary; the involuntary for those especially who refuse to work and continue to beg, and for all drunkards who leave their families to suffer, and for us to grieve over, care for, and support, while hundreds of others, temperate and industrious, but out of work, suffer without help because they are silent and uncomplaining. The city, the county should give its unemployed work.

I am not the only advocate of this thought. E. Winslow, Esq., of Ward 17, General Supt. Heywood, of the B. & F. Railroad, and Linda Gilbert have advocated it and continue to do so. Major Burnham Wardwell, ex-warden of the Virginia State Prison, and who (see Dr. Wine's report on that prison) did wonders in its management by love, is laboring for it with enthusiasm. Rev. Dr. Pierce, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, and many others, too numerous to mention, of the most advance philanthropic men and women of our time, approve it. Once inaugurated, it will gather to its standard hosts of the noblest friends of humanity. We must not, however, wait for city, county, or State to inaugurate this great work; private benevolent action must lead the van.

The work can be and doubtless will be begun in a small way on a cheap plan, to which such industrial men as Hurley may go and receive work and wages, kindness and love, rest and pleasure, and, it is hoped, *some little* of the æsthetic and beautiful.

The above was presented, by the writer, to the Prison Reform Congress last May, in St. Louis, Mo., and received the unanimous approval of that large and intelligent body, representing some twenty-five of the States of our Union. The time has come for action here, and the writer will be glad to confer by letter or in person with those who favor this work, and those also who favor the plan adopted by the Heath street mission of giving work to poor women and girls.

WM. BRADLEY,  
Minister of the Heath St. Mission,  
Boylston Station, P. O. Box 42.

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## PENITENTIARY REFORM.

This subject is less discussed than it should be, when we consider the thousands and thousands of human beings throughout the world entering prisons every year, and whom the States, though not under obligation to reform, are under the obligations not to ruin, yet of whom under the present irrational system an overwhelmingly large majority are in fact ruined, we may well wonder that social thinkers

and humanitarians do not devote more labor to agitation of the question. When we further consider the millions of dollars, the gains of honest industry, that are expended annually in supporting felons who certainly ought not to have got by crimes an advantage over innocent men, we may well wonder that economists and statesmen have not directed their attention more persistently to the question. Notwithstanding its humanitarian and economic aspects, few subjects of social importance challenge public attention less. All know the abuse connected with it, yet few understand it or care to understand it. Until recently, nearly all discussions of the subject have been superficial, and legislation has been directed to patching up rather than to fundamental reform.

We hope a better day is at hand. There is beginning to be an awakening. Prison congresses, if they do no other good, will at least excite a popular interest that will afford an audience to those who, as scholars and thinkers, shall undertake a methodic and exhaustive exposition of the subject. The theory of prison discipline, elaborately expounded by Mr. Alexander in the minority report of the board of guardians, will doubtless arrest attention in this and in other countries. Mr. Alexander's treatment of the subject, so far as we are aware, is quite new. At the outset he cuts loose from sentiment, and seeks the guidance of reason alone. He takes nothing for granted. For popular use, at least, it is perhaps an objection to his paper that he disdains to build on anything but fundamental principles.

The received theory of prison discipline, a legacy from remote antiquity, is of a piece with man's other ideas of the ancients. Their prisoners of war, for example, were regarded as being without any rights, and if their lives were spared, that they might become the slaves of their conquerors, it was theirs to be thankful. In absolute harmony with that idea was the notion that prisoners for crime forfeited all rights. Whatever privileges, if any, they enjoyed, was a bounty. Not only slaves, but criminal slaves, they had no right to complain of any degradation or any barbarity. If the soldier, fighting honorably but unsuccessfully, could be coolly put to death by Parrhasius, why should not the criminal captive, under whatever cruelties, be thankful that his life was spared? He had forfeited all rights. He



was but a slave, and must take whatever was given, and endure whatever was inflicted.

The Alexander theory protests utterly against this ancient dogma of the prisoner's slavery. It insists that the State cannot rightfully reduce a citizen to servitude for whatever cause. For the protection of society it may detain him in custody and subject him to the restrictions necessarily involved in such detention, and beyond that his rights are unimpaired. Here is a wide departure from the slavery theory.

But the Alexander theory goes further, holding that, with the exception just stated, his rights are unimpaired. It insists that he returns, as before his crime, to the right to earn his living or not get it. His freedom involves, as it always did, this right of choice. Treating him thus, you treat him, not as a slave, but as a man. Self-interest becomes his controlling motive, exactly as in normal life. To say that men will not work when left to self-interest is shown by universal observation to be an absurdity. Besides, whether a man will earn his living or not is a question the State has nothing to do with. Each man decides it, and has a right to decide it, for himself, and that, too, whether in prison or out of it. It is the duty of the State to allow him to decide it, and to reap the consequence of his decision.

Here we have the fundamental idea in Mr. Alexander's theory of prison discipline. Withdrawing the questing entirely from the domain of sentiment, by opposing at once the vengeance discipline and the reformative discipline, he seeks simply the protection of society and attempts the attainment of that end by means that are rational and just, by means that respect scrupulously the prisoner's rights and society's rights. In short, his theory abolishes slavery in prisons.

What are the objections to it? We have heard none, and we believe there are none that are valid. We believe that this theory, one of whose merits is its simplicity, furnishes the solution of the great social problem of prison discipline. If time shall so decide, it will be a source of just gratification that so important a reform had its birth in Missouri.

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## PRISON LIBRARIES.

The following interesting correspondence on the subject of libraries for prisons will commend and explain itself:—

MISS GILBERT TO MR. HEPWORTH.

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH:—

DEAR SIR:—I desire to thank you for the kindly interest you have shown in the fate of the criminals of this country. There is no class concerning whom the Christian public know so little, and this is perhaps the reason why they are left to the doubtful mercy of circumstances.

My object, as you may be aware, is twofold. In the first place, I am very anxious to furnish every jail and house of detention, where men and women who are more or less criminal are confined, with a library. Prisoners have nothing to look at but the blank walls of their cells, and nothing to think of except their sins, and though this latter may be a very fruitful theme, it is not always a profitable one. They would gladly read good works, and the value of such an influence cannot be overestimated. You must not forget that a man who would care nothing for a book when he is with his boon companions, is oftentimes very grateful for it when he is alone. I have known cases again and again, where men have not only been brought to repentance for the past, but to a radical reformation, by means of the few books and pictures to which they have had access. I am not asking aid to try an experiment; I am seeking help to put a plan into operation, the value of which has been fully tested. Libraries have been placed in the Cook County Jail, Ill.; the St. Louis County Jail, Mo.; the Springfield County Jail, Ill.; the Chicago House of Detention; the New York City Tombs, and in other places of confinement, and it is the unanimous opinion of those who have charge of such institutions, that these libraries have made it easier to maintain discipline, and have been of incalculable benefit in other ways. My other object is even more important, and is, I fear, attended by serious difficulties. I have found many a golden opportunity to afford a released prisoner the means of an honest livelihood. They ought



not to be cut off from all hope, and yet how powerless we are to do them good ! They come out from the routine of prison life into the wild whirl, and it seems as though every man's hand were against them. God help them, seems to be all we can say. You do not doubt that this state of things is wrong. If God can pity, we ought to be willing to forgive. It is not right to rob even a criminal of his last chance. I have known many instances in which, if I had possessed the requisite funds, I could have insured the salvation of many men. I have spent very largely of my personal income, for I dare not thrust these pitiable creatures out on the cold charity of the world. If some of the wealthy gentlemen of New York would consecrate even an insignificant portion of their money to this object, untold good might be accomplished. I have great hopes that the books for the projected libraries will be furnished, and I am not without faith that the money needed will be forthcoming.

Thanking you again for your interest in the cause, I remain,

Very truly yours,

NEW YORK, April 22, 1875.

LINDA GILBERT.

#### HOW TO HELP THE PRISONERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD :—

If you will allow me space, I should like to make an appeal to the charitable people of the city in behalf of the important work with which Miss Linda Gilbert is identified. That work, as I understand it, is twofold. First, she desires to put into every city and county jail a good library ; and, second, to assist those whose term of service has expired. To those who have never looked into the matter this may seem to indicate fanaticism. We are too much inclined to give evil-doers over to their fate. Fair women deem it ignoble work to bring any Christian influence to bear on our criminals, and honest men ignore them altogether. The consequence is that when, even under the tremendous pressure of a great temptation, a man commits a crime, he is confined in prison for a term of years, and then comes out to find that practically the Christianity of the day has not a word to say to or for him. As the world runs just now, it would be far better for some society for the prevention of

inhumanity to man to do to this forlorn and homeless class of society what Mr. Bergh did to the dogs of New York last summer. He very quietly asphyxiated them, on the ground, which is easily defended, that they had no friends, but only enemies, and that if let loose on the community they would inevitably go mad and cause untold misery. When a prisoner, entombed for a single crime, or for a series of crimes, comes from his confinement, he finds that he has not a single right which any man is bound to respect. Every one's hand is against him; and since you can hardly expect, as the result of six years spent in hard labor and the rigid discipline of a prison, that he will ardently forgive this state of things and be honest when every one gives him credit for villany, he is practically driven, and by the spirit of the age, into his old ways if he is a man of many sins, or into evil ways if he is a man of a single sin. This is not as it should be. I am sure that the Christian people of New York are more than willing to co-operate with those who are laboring to change this condition of things. Miss Gilbert has accepted her mission very heartily, and has shown her earnestness by spending a considerable part of her private fortune in behalf of the criminal. She says, very truly, that the men who are confined in our jails and houses of detention have nothing to do from one week to another except to recall past crimes and concoct new ones. If they could be educated by a good library, untold good might be accomplished. If these wretches cannot be ministered to by spoken words of encouragement and admonition, they can at least enjoy the ministration of the printed page. To save one soul by such means is worth all the books we shall ever give for this object. Let me then make this practical suggestion. Every one who reads this letter has from one to many scores of good and strongly bound books, which are of no particular value, because they have been read. They may, however, be put to a very important use. The library in the Tombs has actually made it easier to enforce discipline in that prison. The inmates read with sharpened appetites and great gratitude. The libraries which have been established in other quarters have produced like results. Let me ask you, then, to co-operate with us in this undertaking. Choose from your library as many volumes as you can easily spare, and send them to my residence, No. 19 West Forty-seventh street,

or to my church, on the corner of Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, and I will see that they get into the hands of Miss Gilbert. If I dared I would also ask that money be sent for the same purpose. But as I am too poor to give myself, I hesitate to ask others. Both books and money, however, will be gratefully received, promptly acknowledged, and carefully used. I am only too glad to commend this work to the charitable, and subjoin a letter lately received from Miss Gilbert in corroboration of what I have said in behalf of the criminals of America. If God can forgive them, we can at least afford to pity and help them. I am, sincerely yours,

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1875.

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## GOOD AND EVIL.

*Written by Miss Gilbert for the "New York Era."*

A great obstacle in the way of useful reform is a comparative ignorance—through personal unacquaintance—about the actual conditions and workings of our criminal institutions. We might assert that if forensic legislators would consider it their duty not to violate their own purpose by employing the very means they are intended to abolish,—no gallows, no whipping-posts, no ball and chains, no Auburn systems, or Tombs—no! no! not even the best modern model of penitentiary would be regarded as a true means to ameliorate evils, to elevate and improve our race.

The special discussion of this question, however, will be reserved for a future time. It is very easy for you, respectable citizen, seated in your easy-chair, to hold forth the conduct of the people; very easy for you to censure their vicious habits; very easy for you to be a pattern of frugality, of rectitude and sobriety. You are surrounded by comforts, possessing multiplied sources of lawful happiness, with reputation and a clear sky in the future. If you do not contract dissipated habits, where is your merit? You have indeed few incentives to do so. But where would your prudence, your honesty, your self-denials be, if poverty stared you in the face, if your friends would

ridicule, scorn you, or perhaps shut the door in your face when you come to visit them? If you had to sleep in a barn or in a police station or in a gutter, or had to walk the streets of New York city having not 20 cents, how would you bear it? Lastly, imagine that seeing your capacities were but ordinary, your education next to nothing, and your competitors innumerable—tell me where are the incentives to perseverance and forethought? How offensive is it to hear some great self-conceited personage thanking God that he is not as other men are, passing harsh sentence on his poor pressed and burdened brother, including all in a sweeping condemnation, because in their struggles for existence they do not maintain the same prim respectability as himself. There is nothing more irrational and absurd than to judge as to motives and actions from the outward appearance.

To understand humanity we must inquire into the nature of its component individuals; and thus we find that every manifestation made by an aggregation of men originates in qualities belonging to the individual man. Hence the origin of social law as an attempt to secure a uniform understanding and practical embodiment of common social interests.

All evil results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions. This is true of every living thing. A plant, if placed in poor soil, too hot or too cold climate, becomes sickly and dies out, and the reason therefor is, because the harmony between the plant's organization and its circumstances has been destroyed. Every suffering incident to the human body—from a headache up to a fatal illness, from a burn or sprain to accidental loss of life—is similarly traceable to the placement of the body under unfavorable conditions. Nor is evil in its application confined to the physical; it comprehends also the moral and intellectual possibilities. Nevertheless, although evil is made manifest, wherever we turn our attention, within or outside, it is not necessary or inevitable. Evil of all kinds is avoidable. But the presence of evil is necessary in order that we should be stimulated to discern the good. Evil is expressly appointed by the Maker. Man in the nature of things must overcome evil. As a child has to grow in physical strength, so man has to grow in the intellectual and moral. We must adopt the appointed

means—ever cultivating good, we secure goodness to ourselves. Unless we exercised our faculties, they would, instead of increasing in power, become weaker until we lost them altogether. We are continually required to use our powers of observation. To make a false step in our walk may cost a broken bone. The object of evil is improvement. We are continually required to exert ourselves in order to maintain the observance of our Maker's rules, and it is the only sure way to avoid evil. We are endowed with a free, intelligent will which we are expected to use. It is by exercise of a deliberate choice that we improve ourselves. By the constant employment of the faculty of our private judgment we strengthen it, as we do all our other faculties, whether employed for good or evil, and are at length able to discern the true way of life. But free will, while it is a great and noble gift, is nevertheless subjected to great responsibilities. While we have freedom to choose between good and evil, we are expected, as far as our judgment goes, to choose the good.

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### HELL'S HALF-ACRE.

A VISIT TO CALAMITY PATCH—AMID THE MISCEGENATORS—  
SQUALOR AND SIN AND SUFFERING—THE WAGES OF SIN—  
FALLEN FROM PURITY—THE STORY OF A LIFE OF SHAME—  
LOBSTER CANS AND OLD HOOP-SKIRTS—HOT-BED OF VICE  
AND PLAGUE—A FIELD FOR THE PHILANTHROPIC.

"It is called 'Hell's Half Acre;' otherwise, 'The Tunnel,' otherwise, 'Calamity Patch,'" said Officer Edward Londergan, 96, whom Sergeant Buckley had detailed to escort two *Republican* reporters through a notorious court in the rear of Nos. 60 and 62 Griswold street, facing the depot of the Michigan Southern Railway.

It was a beautiful day. The wind was balm, the sky a molten sapphire, flecked with occasional pearl. Leaving behind the palaces of trade and the brilliant streets—for it was afternoon, and the sidewalks were gay with fluttering silks and flashing gauds, and eyes brighter still—in one moment reporters and officer had struck into

a new world, as unlike that which glittered and smiled outside as the mysterious depths of ocean are different from its unruffled surface. Dust, crazy side-walks; sallow, slipshod women shrieking to one another across the street; hangdog men, guiltless of shirt-collar, soap or comb, lounging and blinking against a corner, watching the stone-cutters who chipped busily away—a negress in a tawdry chintz dress, wherein yellow sunflowers strove with scarlet cabbage-roses, playing sign-board at the door of a dive—these were all of another world.

Griswold street was quiet. Into a passage some six feet below the street led the officer. Under the houses were heaps of filthy straw, broken bottles, an old hoop skirt, a tumulus of empty lobster cans.

“Are those dust-heaps?” asked our reporter.

“Bless you, no, those are beds,” said a pleasant-faced American lady, a resident of No. 60 Griswold street. “They are here by dozens at night. We daren’t go down-stairs to get a bucket of water.”

“Do they sleep here?” asked the reporter.

“No, I don’t think they sleep, judging from the uproar. They call it Hell’s Half Acre, but it is more like the whole tract.”

Emerging from this noisome cavern, a narrow court still more unsavory is entered. The ground is clammy and oozy with sewerage, because the drains are choked or the people too lazy to use them, so that all the offal is flung from the windows into the alley-way. Around it stand, or, rather, lean, in various stages of dry-rot and dilapidation, half a dozen houses to the best of which a pig-stye is palatial.

Rotten stairways, propped on mossy poles and drenched with filth, conduct to doors hanging by one rusty hinge. Windows of all sizes, more or less awry, filled with everything but glass, the paint blistered, peer in every direction. Each has a wondering face set in it. On one sill sits cooing a pigeon, the sun playing on the amber ripples of its throat. On one doorstep sits a fat negress, with ample bosom, girded round her waist, an orange turban and a dingy calico robe. She has a briar-root pipe in her mouth which she puffs contentedly. As she sits there, rolling her white eyes and with her oily skin shining in the sunlight, she looks like a picture out of Uncle Tom’s Cabin.

“Well, aunty,” says the reporter, “how much rent do you pay?”



"Six dollars, sah."

"How many of you are there in that house?"

"Dare's eleven, sah. Our landlord's name is Avery. Massa Hoffman used to own dis place. Golly, I guess it pays. 'Bout seventy-five of us live here," and she laughs the traditional negro yah! yah!

Beside her, in a shabby petticoat built out of a salt bag, and with a yellow bedgown showing her yellow bosom, her hair cut short and falling over her vacant eyes, her hands locked round her knees, rocking herself to and fro and croning some monotonous song, sits an old and withered woman. She has seven children. Born in Kentuck. Name's Brown. Guesses she's a sort of French-nigger-Indian. Husband? Yes. Where is he? How in h— should she know? Pays \$2.50 reht. Chores round a bit when she's well. Been in the poor-house two months, and just come out to have a smell of fresh air.

Here aunty, undulating with a chuckle, observes that dat old 'ooman's got a blaek man,—yah, yah,—all the white trash roun' hyah got black men. We leave her quivering like a mould of sable jelly, and enter one of the houses.

Here is a case for Miss Gilbert.

Anonyma, in literature—call her Aspasia, Skittles, Miggles, the Lady of the Hut, what you will—has about her a halo and a perfume of romance. She is young, handsome, witty, wilful; she puffs a cigarette gracefully, quaffs beaded Moselle, weeps when she thinks of her mother, and her lustrous eyes dilate like those of a beautiful tigress when the betrayer of her innocence rides past with the Bishop's daughter, on his way to the altar. Cant and delusion, which do more than even the *Tribune* "personals" to fill the stews of the great city with haggard incarnations of disease in paint and tawdry finery. Into this room let us enter. Its furniture is a bottomless chair, a bucket, a stove, red with rust, a broken trunk, and a bed. On this is a mattress and a brown blankèt, both greasy from long use. In this bed lies a woman, with a peaked and sal-low face, and neglected hair round it, like so much oakum. One arm and a thin shoulder can be seen. She is naked.

The room is about ten feet by twelve. Its plastering is brown

with filth, where it has not fallen away. Daylight breaks in here and there through the crazy walls, which are alive with vermin. Two slimy boards form a sink, on which are placed a coal-oil lamp, with a chimney three parts paper, and a broken pitcher containing about half a pint of milk and cockroaches.

The floor is spread with ragged mattings from tea chests.

The outer room is somewhat elaborately ornamented. There are upon the walls two sheets of photographs from the show-window of an abandoned artist, a portrait of Lincoln, the battle of Gravelotte, cut from an illustrated weekly, and two glazed and illuminated cards of popular bitters. A slouched hat and ragged coat are beside them. On the bed is a jaunty hat and white feather. Beside it, an old hoopskirt rampant on a pile of lobster-cans and sardine-boxes. This room is occupied by Jenny Edwards, a thin, sharp-featured girl, whose hair is combed back from her face till her eyebrows run into her scalp, Chinese fashion. She wears a faded blue and orange dressing-gown, and says she has come down here to nurse Em.

Em. is the sick woman in the other room.

"I saw that sick woman," said the officer, "not six months ago, and she had a gold watch and a silk dress, and a fan all trimmed with feathers. Such is life."

The sick woman speaks in a husky whisper, inaudible at a distance of three feet. Her name is Anna Banks, she says. The girls call her Em. That isn't her right name. That is Augusta Dove—D-o-v-e is the way to spell it. Born at Rockford; father lives there. Just 20 years old last February—February 16. Sick? Yes for a month. Had chills and fever first, then got over that and had cold on the lungs. A child? Yes. Born last Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock; died soon after. Know it was born alive, for it screamed. Ed. Paton and Casey took away the body and sold it. Casey lives on Dearborn street. The Doctor (Dr. B. C. Miller, County Physician) left an order to take her to the hospital. Do you gentlemen think they'll come to take me? My God! I'm tired o' lyin' here.

We ascertain that she has been living for the past year with a colored man named Will Banks. She has been on the street for three years, and went to Champagne City last summer to work. Got into



this trouble there with her employer's son, and so had to come back to Chicago.

Some of the women who play at Magdalen Homes, and Female Suffrage, and similar *déclassements*, should stand by this bedside. No tinsel romance here. Dirt, and vice, and stark sin. A girl of twenty as old in the face as a woman of forty, lying naked in a bed reeking with malodors and crawling vermin, the consort of a negro who ran away with her few articles of tawdry finery; with neighbors who steal and sell the corpse of a child for whiskey, with parents living, and yet with not one attendant save a sister in sin and shame. Miss Gilbert has work here.

Look out of the window. The sweet, pure air and the calm, blue sky above and around. Right across the way the massive walls of the station, where a thousand travelers for business or pleasure alight daily. How little they think, in the palace car, of the misery and degradation within a stone's cast!

Out into the fresh air again, and a loud cackling of cocks and hens, disturbed by the foray of a negro pickaninny in a stove-pipe hat, a coat whose tails sweep the ground, and a pair of trousers so ragged that the elbows of his shirt hang out through the knees thereof. Stumble over a pile of lobster-cans. Why is it that in the very citadel of poverty one always comes across lobster-tins!

We enter another house. Its occupant is a bold-faced woman, owning to 28 years. Her name is Moll Coffee, and the officer says it takes three to carry her into the lock-up—kicks and bites, you know. Her house, or rather room, is neater than the others. Things have been tidied up; a looking-glass hangs between a beer-mug and a hair brush, and the mantel is covered with a copy of the *Tribune* scalloped with a rude attempt at regularity of ornamentation. A man wrapped in a dingy blanket lies on the bed, and hides his face as we enter. A crutch standing by the bedside proclaims him a cripple. He isn't her man, Moll explains; her man is "Prince." Don't we know "Prince?" He's cook at the Bridewell. She says "Prince" gave her an awful thrashing yesterday, which she didn't deserve, because she wasn't drunk. Says she was a good woman once—"Very long ago," interjects the officer—has a son in the bootblack brigade. Pays \$4 for her room. Hates to live in this yard

because the minute any one says a word everybody runs for de cops.

Out again into the air, thrice welcome after the fetid warmth we have been inhaling, past a scrofulous, bald-headed child with one eye, and out into the street. The roaring city, with its splendor and wealth, is before us, and the misery of Hell's Half Acre is a memory of the past.

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### THE PICKPOCKET'S PETITION.

"A Pickpocket" writes to the *New York Tribune* as follows: Please advise your readers always to leave their names and addresses in their pocket-books. It frequently happens in our business that we come in possession of porte-monnaies containing private papers and photographs which we would be glad to return, but we have no means of doing so. It is dangerous to carry them about—so we are forced to destroy them. I remember an instance where I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman which came into my hands in the way of business on the Third avenue road. I had lost a baby myself, the year before, of the same age as this one, and I would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the porte-monnaie, and no way of finding out who was the owner, so, like a fool, I advertised it, and got shadowed for it by the police. Tell your readers to give us a fair show to be decent—and always leave their addresses in their pocket-books. We want to live and let live.

## BEHIND THE BARS.

## INAUGURATION OF THE PRISONERS' LIBRARY—AN INTERESTING OCCASION IN THE COUNTY JAIL—WHAT A NOBLE WOMAN'S NOBLE EFFORTS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

About five hundred and fifty persons assembled at the Four Courts, last night, to witness the opening and dedication of the County Jail library. The founder, Miss Linda Gilbert, has by great zeal and industry gathered together about eighteen hundred volumes, which are neatly arranged in a large and handsome case, provided by the County court. The library case is placed on the North side of the rotunda, inside of the inclosure, and facing the cells. Near the book case is a melodeon, with the inscription, "Presented by Dr. J. H. McLean to the Gilbert library."

The evening's exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Burlingham.

Rev. J. L. Holland, of St. George's church, then read the following letter from Miss Gilbert:

ST. LOUIS, March 10, 1873.

REV. J. L. HOLLAND:

SIR:—In tendering you the guardianship of the Prisoners' library, at the Four Courts, St. Louis, Mo., I bestow all in my power that can approximate to my belief in your God-given energy and capacity, united to a heart naturally sympathetic towards mankind.

At an epoch when opinions are heard clashing on every side, strong, true and brave men are needed to guide God's humanity into the haven of eternal peace.

In your fearless championship of the erring, may their blessings illumine the banner which you wear through "the battle of life," as you pass on, and resign your stewardship to the Infinite Father.

Most respectfully,

LINDA GILBERT.

Dr. Holland remarked that he felt embarrassed in reading a communication thus addressed to him. He accepted the guardianship of the library, and hoped to have a helping hand from the people of St. Louis. He recognized in every man, no matter whether in or out of prison, a brother. Though charged with crime and incarcer-

ated in a prison cell, he had the instincts of man. For himself, he was actuated by this principle of love for humanity, and the erring were entitled to the heartfelt sympathy of every man. Even for the prisoner there was a future, that might be of a useful character, and it was not impossible for reforms to take place. Society was rapidly changing its views upon the subject of recognizing and aiding the erring to reform. While the law was none the less strict, the public mind was becoming more charitable in this regard. He told the prisoners that the library had been provided for their use by Miss Gilbert, after much labor, and trusted that they would derive much pleasure and profit from reading the books contained in it.

Judge Cullen remarked that it was the curse of men to err, but that no man was guilty until proven so. Although the strong arm of the law must be laid heavily upon men, yet they were entitled to sympathy in the hours of misery, the result of strong temptation. He hoped that those who were so unfortunate as to be behind the bars would enjoy many pleasant hours from perusing the books so kindly provided for them.

Rev. Father O'Reilly followed in a feeling address of a few moments. He said that those who committed sin were the slaves of sin; that all men were virtually prisoners, and must have the aid and sympathy of all benevolent and Christian men. Let us give them all the help they need—our sympathy, our love, good books to read, and then the poor, erring men would feel that they were not entirely forsaken. His remarks were very appropriate, and loudly applauded.

Dr. Burlingham said that humanity and Christianity presented no bar to the sympathies of men for their erring brethren. While his feelings revolted against crime, the accused had claims upon his regards, his prayers, and his endeavors to ameliorate their loneliness in prison. When the library scheme was presented, he embraced it as one means of doing the sinning men good, and he was glad there was one woman who had courage to begin the noble work. Miss Gilbert had done this, and had accomplished it nobly.

At the close of Dr. Burlingham's remarks, E. A. Garlick, an inmate of the prison, who is awaiting trial for obtaining baggage from the North Missouri Railroad on false checks, volunteered to play a

piece or two on the organ. He was let out, and taking his seat at the instrument, played one or two pieces very well.

An anonymous speaker was then announced. Taking his position in the dark, on the stairway leading to the main building, he addressed himself to the prisoners. He besought them to think well of what was being done for them, and of the noble lady who had labored to provide them with a library.

Ex-Mayor Cole was called out, and said he represented the merchants of the city, a class always ready to lend a hand to help any noble enterprise. This was an object that should be dear to the hearts of all. Time was when to attempt such an enterprise would have been the death-knell of the getter-up; but now there was something noble in it, and it would meet with the approbation of all good citizens. He then offered a resolution voting the thanks of the prisoners and all the citizens of St. Louis county to Miss Linda Gilbert for her efforts in establishing and so successfully inaugurating the prisoners' library. The resolution was adopted by acclamation.

The music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Babcock, organist, and by Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. Vail, Miss Belle Johnson and Miss Julia Hart. The choir sang "Home Again," and the doxology, and after the benediction by Dr. Holland, the assembly withdrew.

In front of the cell occupied by Anton Holm, the wife murderer, was placed a large bouquet, but whence it came was not known.

The prisoners apparently enjoyed the occasion, and it was certainly a grateful relief from the dreary monotony of prison life.

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#### REPORT OF

### MISS GILBERT'S WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

#### THE GILBERT LIBRARY AND PRISONERS' AID FUND.

My work in New York began September 1, 1873; since that time to this date, I have received from the public cash and books as follows:

Cash collected in amounts ranging from 50 cents to \$5,	\$1,425 00
Cash received from Wm. H. Aspinwall, Esq.,	50 00
<hr/>	
Total Cash received, . . . . .	\$1,475 00
Number of Books donated, . . . . .	692 volumes.

The number of released prisoners whom I have aided is as follows:

Furnished employment to . . . . .	113
" clothing to . . . . .	94
" railroad tickets to . . . . .	32
" " passes to . . . . .	13
" night lodgings . . . . .	87
<hr/>	
Total, . . . . .	339

Other services rendered incurring an outlay of money:

Soap bought and taken to cells, 5 boxes.

Fruit, flowers and medicines to at least 50.

Letters written to more than 600 prisoners.

Stationery provided for more than 100 prisoners.

Number of Books purchased, . . . . . 1,418 volumes.

#### LIBRARIES ESTABLISHED.

At the City Tombs, a Library of . . . . .	1,500 volumes.
At the House of Detention, a Library of . . . . .	600 volumes.
At Ludlow St. Jail, a Library of . . . . .	1,080 volumes.

Through my instrumentality, Mr. Stokes has placed a library in "Sing Sing" for female prisoners. I have on hand 300 volumes, forming a nucleus of a Library for the boys of the "National School Ship Mercury."

The total amount of my expenditures for the benefit of others in New York is \$3,644.30

This does not include one dollar of my personal expenses, which for various reasons have been large.

The practicability of reforming criminals is proven often enough to cheer the earnest toiler in life's rugged path, and to convince the incredulous that total depravity rarely, if ever, exists.

Donations of money, books, and clothing may be sent to Rev. George H. Hepworth, or to his Church, corner 45th Street and

Madison Avenue ; also to Rev. Dr. Deems, Church of the Strangers, Winthrop Place, or to Linda Gilbert.

My books are always open for the inspection of all interested in this work, and to all who contribute. Respectfully,

LINDA GILBERT,  
No. 143 East 15th Street.

## REPORT OF MISS GILBERT'S WORK IN OTHER STATES.

### LIGHT FOR THE DUNGEONS—LITERATURE FOR THE PRISONERS.

Miss Linda Gilbert has for a long time been endeavoring to improve the condition of the prisons and houses of detention throughout the United States, with what success the following list of libraries already established will show :

Cook County Jail, Ill.  
St. Louis County Jail, Mo.  
Springfield County Jail, Ill.  
Chicago House of Detention.  
N. Y. City Tombs.  
N. Y. House of Detention.  
N. Y. Ludlow St. Jail.

These libraries consist of from 1,500 to 2,000 volumes each.

She has also succeeded in procuring situations on farms for 450 released prisoners, some of whom have been in their homes three or four years.

Donations of money, books, and clothing are solicited to forward this great work of prison reform.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

*New York Sun*.—A glorious Easter in the City Prison. The dawn of a new era in felon life.

*St. Louis Republican*.—Prisoners languish in jails and penitentiaries through days, weeks, months, and years of solitude, when their minds are ripe to receive good impressions, and yet the golden op-

portunity is wasted, the best and surest road to reach the conscience is unused. With nothing to occupy his mind, the prisoner is left to brood uninterruptedly over his fancied wrongs, and little good ever comes of it, but rather a growth of bad resolutions and bad purposes. Miss Gilbert has determined to put good books into the hands of prisoners, and thus attack evil natures at their most vulnerable point.

*New York Herald*, speaking of the New York City Tombs Library, dedicated Sunday, April 5, 1874, says: We hope this is only a nucleus of a large collection, whereby the weary hours of prison life may be beguiled by instructive and profitable reading.

It is to be hoped that the citizens of New York will see the necessity of this movement, and respond to this call with a hearty good will.

Donations of Books may be sent to

REV. DOCTOR DEEMS, Church of the Strangers,  
No. 4 Winthrop Place.

(Open from 10 to 12 A.M., and 2 to 4 P.M.)

Donations and subscriptions may also be sent to the office.

Address,

MISS LINDA GILBERT, 143 E. 15th St., New York.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS

THAT GOVERN EACH LIBRARY.

GILBERT LIBRARY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INMATES OF NEW YORK CITY TOMBS.

I.—A book may be retained one week; but a second volume cannot be taken until the first one has been returned.

II.—Persons taking out books must be careful not to mark or soil the same in any way; if they violate this rule, they forfeit the privileges and benefits of the Library.

III.—In reading, as in everything, remember not *how much*, but *how well* you read. It is better to read little and *think more* than to read much and think little.

This Library is called "GILBERT LIBRARY" by request of friends.  
*March 7, 1874.*



## THE OUTCAST.

The following poem is taken from "Recollections of a Policeman," by E. H. Savage, Chief of Boston police force. It was written by a young girl while in one of the cells of the station house. She thought herself dying that night, and really soon after died. The poem was found in her cell, written with pencil on a piece of paper.

And is this New Year's Eve, mother ?

O mother, can it be ?

Oh ! what a sad, sad change, mother,

This year hath wrought in me.

Last year there was no lighter step,

There was no brighter eye,

There was no merrier heart than mine—

Now, mother, what am I ?

A theme for every idle jest ;

Sunk lower than the slave—

With blighted name, and broken heart,

And very near my grave.

For I feel my days are numbered,

My life is waning fast

And the thought is strong within me

That this night will be my last.

'Tis just two years ago to-day

Since Mary Ann was laid,

Amid the tears of young and old,

Beneath the churchyard shade.

How sad we thought the fate was

Of one so young and gay

To die thus in the morn of life,

And on her marriage day ;

But now I envy her her doom.

What joy for you and me,

If I had died then, mother,

When innocent and free,

Ere I became what I am now :

The saddest thing in life—

Fallen, deserted, and betrayed—  
A mother, not a wife.

Of a group of lads and lassies  
Methinks I caught a glance—  
My old companions, and they all  
Just being to the dance.

And they will pass the night away  
In noisy mirth and glee ;  
While the shelter of a prison home  
Alone remains for me.

I know how oft you warned me, mother,  
How oft you spoke the truth :  
That village girls were seldom wed  
By high and noble youth.

I thought of the many tales I had read  
And of the songs I had sung ;  
How noble men loved lowly maids,  
If beautiful and young.

I think I was bewitched, mother,  
By the light of those dark eyes,  
The murmured vows of tenderness,  
And all those flattering lies.

I had scorn enough for others  
Who sought to win my love ;  
But he seemed to my unpractised eye  
As guileless as a dove.

But judge him not too harshly, mother,  
Though I so sad beguiled,  
Although he strives to blight my name,  
And will not own his child.

But time may come when he will feel  
His need to be forgiven,  
And you will forgive him for my sake,  
When I am gone to heaven.

Oh ! how we mourned when father died,  
But then 'twas well 'twas so ;

He never could have borne with me  
As you have done, I know.

He was so good, so just himself,  
He could not understand  
The temptations that beset the weak,  
The snares on every hand.

But you have been so kind, mother,  
Although I have disgraced your name;  
You soothed me in my sorrow,  
Nor spoke a word of blame.

And He will sure reward you  
Who said to one of yore,  
"Neither do I condemn you, daughter,  
Go, and sin no more."

I should have been a solace, mother,  
In your declining years;  
I should have wrought your comfort, mother—  
I have only brought you tears.

But you will keep my baby, mother,  
And rear her as your own;  
May she repay you better, mother,  
Than ever I have done.

Poor babe, she has her father's smile,  
His bright and beaming eye;  
Had she the right to bear his name,  
How peaceful could I die!

Some there may be who'll not regret  
That I am brought so low,  
And I was proud and haughty then,  
But I am humble now.

I prized too much my beauty  
Which so fully proved my bane,  
I scorned the honest and the true,  
Who offered me their name.

And now they will not speak to me;  
They think I am so vile,

But pass me with a meaning look,  
And with a mocking smile.

'Tis very hard, perhaps 'tis right,  
But still I think I know,  
Had they but borne what I have borne,  
I could not treat them so.

And now good night, dear mother,  
I hope that ere the sun  
Sheds its first ray to-morrow morn  
My troubles will be done.

And do not weep for me, mother,  
When I have left you here :  
Within a peaceful dwelling-place  
Will dawn my next New Year.

## A MODERN JAIL.

The mode of treating debtors and witnesses and such like parties in Ludlow-street Jail, New York, is not only a standing scandal to all modern professions of humanity and justice, but so decided an outrage in itself that we wonder there is not a physical revolt of society against the continuance of its abuses. Any man can be arrested on bare suspicion of a creditor, let the debt be as small as it may, and on his single assertion, in the form of testimony, be thrown into Ludlow-street Jail. The worst of it is, this is not the end of it. As soon as the other creditors know what has been done, they start up and rush around the doomed victim like a pack of ravening wolves, put all his business into the hands of the sheriff, destroy his prospects and clean him out pretty thoroughly before he regains his freedom. Such an instance has recently been brought to light in New York by the death of a man who, because one of his smallest creditors acquired a notion that he intended to leave the country, procured the poor man's immediate arrest and incarceration, and let him free himself after a long time, only to find that his affairs were all gone to destruction. The sheriff's sale had stripped

him in the two weeks of his involuntary incarceration. With but a feeble constitution, his occupation gone, his spirits sank, his health gave way, and in a short time he was in his grave, leaving a family without provision. The case of another of the unfortunate inmates of this same Ludlow-street Jail is given in this wise: A man was seized and carried away from his wife and family, on a charge of having assumed to be the proprietor of a sewing-machine, which, according to the contract, was to remain at the disposal of the maker until the last instalment should have been paid. Another case was that of a man who had, with perfectly good intentions, indorsed a note for a friend, but because he was not able to pay, was torn from his bride and a position that paid him two thousand dollars a year. What happened to the maker of the unpaid note does not appear. Another stated that he had been pounced upon by his creditors without the slightest hint of their intention, and in consequence his wife and three children were driven from a respectable home to become the occupants of a wretched tenement, where they did what they could to eke out a living by making wax flowers for milliners. Said the poor victim—"If they had only given me a chance, I would have paid them all; but now I am utterly broken down, and can never hope to recover my former position in society." So that a bad law gives revengeful natures every chance to satiate their passion upon innocent persons, and under pretence of securing a paltry debt, to break up their business, beggar their families, destroy their reputation, blast their hopes, and end their lives in abject wretchedness. Ludlow-street Jail clearly needs a general delivery at the hands of humanity and justice.

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## THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GALLOWS.

This is a true description of a veritable case which came within the notice of Miss Gilbert.

Oh, I shall go mad! But no, I shall not—I wish I could! Then maybe I should beat my brains out against the walls of this damnable prison, and be free! Free? What free? My soul? How

do I know I have a soul? I know I have a *something* that thinks, and God knows—if there is a God—that I wish it would stop thinking. Oh, how the wind blows, and how the rain sobs! To-day is the 17th day of November; I know it is, for I've got the record on the wall there. Seven months since, I've looked up at the blue sky, or felt the wind blow in my face.

Hark! I wonder what that noise is! I'll climb to the grating over the door, and see.

O my God! It is a gallows they're building—and for me! To-morrow I'm to be hanged!

Why do I shudder and grow cold? Am I afraid to die? I surely can't be afraid of death—I, who have looked upon it in its most hideous forms. Yet the sweat starts out on my forehead when I think of the death of—of—shall I ever speak that name, in Time or Eternity, without feeling as if I were choking to death? To-morrow I *shall* be choked to death. I shall be hanged by the neck till I am dead. They are making the gallows now.

Do I deserve to die? Did I really kill him—Willie Burton? I didn't mean to—I *know* that. I struck at Bill, "Slippery Bill"—that fiend of hell, and in my madness I missed him, and hit Willie.

Poor Willie! I'd be glad to die if it would bring him back to his poor old mother. Strange, isn't it, that she is the only one who does not look on me with fear or horror—she whom I have hurt the worst of anybody in the world?

There's a step at the door! 'Tis the turnkey with my prison fare. It used to be bread and water; but since I've been under sentence of death, I've had good fare. 'Tis as if they were fattening me for the occasion. They want me to look plump and comfortable, to encourage others to come here and board, I s'pose.

Good evening, turnkey! I'm right glad to see you;—not that I'm hungry for food, but I'm hungry for some one to talk to. Can't I see Mr. Blake to-night? He always told me to send for him when I wanted him.

Better send for the parson, did you say, turnkey? I want no parson here. I've lived without 'em—I reckon I can die without 'em. They've never done me any good in life, and I won't call on 'em in death. But I want to see Mr. Blake. He told me to send

for him if ever I wanted him, and I want him to-night. If any man in this world can help me—for—for—to-morrow's work, it's he.

You'll send for him, did you say, turnkey? Thank you. You have always been as good to me as you could afford to be, I s'pose; anyhow, I don't hold any grudge against you, and I s'pose it's all right someway.

Good night, turnkey!—good night!

So he's gone, and I'm alone again; and to keep up my strength and spirits till Mr. Blake comes, I'll just look at the supper he has brought me.

Well, here's a supper fit for a man who is to live a good many years. That old chap has a heart, if he does live in a prison.

*Prison!* Oh! I'd forgot for one minute I'm in a prison.

I'm going to be hung? One look at the blue sky,—then darkness,—then—what?

Why, I'm crying! What a fool to cry! I wanted to cry when I found I'd killed Willie, but I couldn't. I was so full of tears, they couldn't run over, and they choked me; and my heart ached.

Hark! That's the turnkey,—and Mr. Blake!

How do you do, Mr. Blake? I'm so glad you've come! I hated to call you out in the storm, but you see they won't put off the—the—they won't put *it* off, you know, and I've got a good deal to say to you before—before—morning.

True? Yes, every word shall be true. I'll not tell *you* one lie, Mr. Blake, though I've told enough of 'em to others. But they came pokin' 'round just to hear what I'd got to say, and some of 'em acted as if they was afraid o' me, and some of 'em as if I was a wild beast, and some as if I was deaf, and talked about me as if I couldn't hear 'em.

Yes! yes! You've always been good to me, Mr. Blake, and after supper I'll tell you all about it. Would ye mind eating supper with me, Mr. Blake? I kep' it in hopes maybe you would.

Thank you! Sit right here. You've always treated me like a human being, and as if I had a soul.

Oh, Mr. Blake, have I got a soul? And if I have, what is it, and what'll become of it when—when——

You'll tell me after I've told my story? Ah, well! I'll tell it soon.

I've never had no chance, never. I never had no father—as I know of. I had a mother, but she was—well, she was a bad one, Mr. Blake. The first thing that I can remember was her a lyin' on the floor, and I a crawlin' over her, and whinin' for hunger and cold—whinin' just like a puppy, and not knowin' more'n a puppy what was the matter with her. Soon's I got old enough to know anything, I knew she was drunk. And when I cried for food, and she had none to give me, she used to put some milk in whiskey and feed me that, till I was drunk too, and then she threw me on to a heap of rags, and went and left me. I was learnt to steal, soon's I could go in the streets; and that was when I was only six years old, and was so little that no one thought of its bein' me that took their handkerchiefs, and knocked their bundles out of their hands, and then picked 'em up in the scramble and hid 'em in my rags. Mother used to get some work to do once in a while. She used to scrub offices and halls, and when she had work, and money, and enough to eat, she didn't get drunk, and she'd get some clothes for both of us, and she wouldn't let me go on the streets to steal, and say I should never steal any more, but that I should be brought up honest, and that she was once an honest girl, and lived where there was green grass and poseys; and she would cry, and seem to love me. Then for a few days, or maybe weeks, she would let me go to school to an old lame soldier, who was paid by some benevolent ladies, and so taught us for nothin'. I used to learn so fast that the old man would sit and look at me as if he thought I was a wizard. Then there would come a time when mother had no work; then she would get whiskey, and then get drunk, and take me out of school, and make me drunk, too—which I was glad enough to do, for it made me forget my hunger.

One time, when mother was in luck, she gave me money to start the newspaper business. I done well at it. Somehow I could sell when no other boy could.

I think my father was a smart man, and a man of business. My mother would never tell me about my father. No matter how drunk she was, she never told a word. I someway got to thinking he was alive, and I think he is yet. But mother is dead, and I have the curiousest idea that she comes and makes me think lots of queer



things. I didn't give up learning, and when I'd sold out my papers, I'd run to the old soldier's and stay till evening papers was out.

I guess I was about ten years old when my mother died; then I was homeless, shelterless, and penniless, and fell into a den of thieves, and I became a thief. And on my sacred word and honor, I never looked upon it as morally wrong. Such had been my birth and surroundings, that I regarded it as my legitimate trade, and to be sharp enough to evade the p'lice was an evidence of cunning and skill greatly to be desired. Will you believe it, Mr. Blake, the first ideas of the right and wrong of my course of life was given me by a man who was my fellow-prisoner? And he had been tried, convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung! He struck his father with a chair and killed him, while he was beating his mother with a stout oak cane. He meant to *strike*, but not to kill him. I think, for my part, that a jury of jackasses would have distinguished better than that jury of men did, between premeditated and accidental murder. He was nineteen,—only a year younger than I am. He was a good boy.

You needn't shake your head, Mr. Blake; *you* didn't know him. He *was* a good boy, and he learned me all the good I know. He never ought to have been hung. He ought to have lived, and took care of his mother and her little children.

I don't understand law, did you say? Well, maybe I don't; but I do understand right and wrong, 'bout some things.

Resigned? No, I ain't! I don't believe it is right to hang me; but they're agoin' to do it, and I hope that'll be the end on't.

Yes, I'll tell you his name—it was Albert Miller.

After I'd served my time out, I went right to Albert's mother, and told her all about it, and how I loved Albert, and what a good fellow he was, and how I would help her all I could. I tried to be a good boy—I did, Mr. Blake; but I went, and went, and asked and begged for work, but when they found I had been in prison, no one would have me.

Quiet, Mr. Blake? I can't be quiet. I'm mad when I think how hard I tried to do right, and *Christian* people wouldn't let me.

I tell you they wouldn't *let* me, for they wouldn't *help* me, and where's the difference? Then I hated all the world, and I sat down

on the curbstone, and cried, and cursed, and swore vengeance on every one who had turned me away, and wouldn't give me the chance to do right. While I sat there, some one came and touched my shoulder. I thought 'twas a p'liceman, and shook the hand off. Then he spoke. "What's the matter, boy; are you hungry? Come, I'll get you something to eat." I got up, and followed him. It was Willie.

He took me to his house, into the kitchen, and an old black woman fed me. He took me to the stable to sleep. In the morning he told his grandfather about me, and begged so hard for a place for me, that his grandfather gave me a place as assistant groom.

Willie's father was dead, and his mother lived in the country; she had a large family, and was poor. His grandfather did not like his mother, but he had taken him to educate and bring up. His grandfather was good to him, but he was not very happy. He loved his mother, and his country home, if it was poor, and declared that as soon as he was big and strong enough to work, he would go back to his mother and work for her support. He saved all the money his grandfather gave him, to take back to his mother. He said he should walk home, and do the best he could about eatin' and sleepin'. Then he told me—what do you think, Mr. Blake?—he told me that, in the country, the poorest family would give him something to eat, and let him sleep in their house! How good country people must be—so good!

Why, Mr. Blake, I have begged all day in this cursed city for a loaf of bread, or money enough to buy it, and did not get it, and have gone to my nest of rags at night half starved.

Don't curse, did you say? I can't help it. I have so longed to see the green grass, the trees, and the flowers of the country, and now I never shall—never! I've got to be hung, and every chance and hope cut off together!

Oh! I'd be hung a thousand times if it would bring Willie back to life. Do you think I'd kill him a purpose? Why, I loved him better than anything else in the whole world. I was saving all my wages, and I was goin' with him to his home in the country, and we was both agoin' to work for his mother.

Growin' daylight? So it is. Well, I must tell the rest quick as possible, so you can go home and rest.

You'll come back? No, don't come back! You've done *me* all the good you can, but I want you to try and comfort others as you have me.

Yes, yes! I'll hurry.

How did it happen? Well, in this way. Willie and I used to walk out every night, and we was careful to avoid my old haunts. But one night there was a procession and a band of music, and we followed it till we somehow got mixed up in a crowd and I saw Bill—"Slippery Bill." I tried to get away so he would not see me, but he did, and made for me, and took hold of me and shook me about, and twitted me with being a gentleman thief, and told Willie he had better look out for me as I'd steal the clo'es off his back.

I was so mad I struck at him with a heavy stone I had picked up. He dodged, and it hit Willie!

That's all! I can't tell no more! I can't bear to think of it! Oh! I hope when I'm dead it will stop—this think—think—think!

It's daylight now. I'm glad it's the last—the last I'll ever see.

Yes, Mr. Blake, good-by! You've been good to me! Good-by!

He's gone! But he shook hands with me, and kissed me!

What!—so soon, turnkey?

Well, I'm ready. I had no hand in bringing myself into this, and shall have none in taking myself out.

God—if there is a God—will know all about this, and I don't b'lieve he is a going to be hard on a fellow for what he didn't mean to do. Do you, turnkey?

Blasphemy! You call that blasphemy? Well, I don't—I call it gospel truth, and I'd take God's word at ninety days quicker'n I would the note of most pious folks.

Well, here we are! The blue sky and sunshine look pleasant—but——

Good-by, turnkey!

These are the last—t wor——

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## THE STARVING MURDERER.

THE IRON-WILLED PRISONER OF THE IRON CAGE IN HARTFORD—  
THE SENSATIONS OF A STARVING MAN—WILSON'S PREVIOUS  
STATE PRISON EXPERIENCE—ESCAPE AFTER ESCAPE—BEGIN-  
NING TO EAT UNDER A DAWNING HOPE.

You have been advised of Wilson's abandonment of his design to kill himself by starvation, after fasting for nine days. Really it was not a complete fast for the whole period, as on the fifth day he took a swallow of water. Here in Hartford his vitality in holding out through so many days of self-denial is looked upon as even wonderful, as Dr. Hawley, a leading physician, said a week ago that he could not possibly live more than nine days. Medical authority is weak on that point, particularly where the man, determined upon taking his own life by the slow process of starvation, is strong and robust to begin with, as Wilson was. He weighed nearly one hundred and seventy pounds at the start, and though he was well bleached out, as all prisoners confined for a long time are, yet he was in good health. His tremendous power of will is shown in his frequent escapes from State prison, where he has overcome the greatest obstacles, even after giving his keepers a fair warning that he was determined to get away. One instance in point is his escape from Sing Sing. He was confined there for burglary, and became dissatisfied because of the hardships of the toil imposed upon him. He said to the keepers or wardens that he should behave himself, and he did so for some months, meantime asking that he might have lighter work. But this, though not directly refused, was staved off, and one day he said to the keeper: "I have behaved myself as I agreed to, and I get no favors for it; now I give you warning that I shall get out of here at the first opportunity." The keeper turned up his nose and exclaimed, "Pshaw, you can't get away. We have got you fast."

It was not long after this, before, one day, one of the keepers drove up in a buggy beneath the window where Wilson was working, and left his horse standing there. In an instant Wilson dropped his tools and sprang out of the window into the buggy, and seizing the lines, drove off. He was spied, but put whip to the animal and

dashed through the prison gate into the road, the guard firing at him, and wounding him in the arm, which became disabled; and now the horse turned into a side road, and Wilson, supposing his chances for escape good, put on the lash; but the road was a winding one, and to his great surprise he found himself—the road making a circle—back at the prison. He was punished severely, but he bore it without complaint, till one day he said to the keeper, “I’ll get even with you!” and it was not three months before he went out of the prison through the roof, and was never caught.

From the New Jersey prison he escaped through a ventilating flue, after telling the keepers that he intended to get away. Wilson said to me: “They used me well enough there, but when they took me for a d——d fool, I thought I’d give ’em the slip, and did so.” He served a similar trick in the Ohio prison; in this case, as in the other, giving the officers warning of his designs. And so it was in the Michigan prison, from which he escaped in mid-winter, and froze his feet, necessitating the amputation of both at the instep. And his pluck was such that, escaped convict as he was, hunted and hounded at every step, he reached New York before the surgical operation was performed.

The loss of his feet has been a serious impediment to his operations since, though escape from the New Jersey prison was effected afterward, and he also walked out of court in New York, taking advantage of his custodian’s reading a paper, and left his coat behind him, and escaped, he at that time being in the Ludlow street jail.

These examples are given to show the desperate character of the man, and powerful determination which controls him. Yet, with all this exhibition of will power, he displays none of it to a casual observer; and it ought to be said in his behalf that he never, according to the testimony of prison officials, violates his word. If he says he will do a thing, he will do it; if he says to the contrary, you may believe him.

The starving business which he entered upon was a new thing in his mind, decided upon after he was brought to the jail in this city for trial, two weeks ago. When he came up to appear before the grand jury, the week before, he had a shoe-knife secreted in one of

his shoes, but that was discovered when he was taken back to the prison, and the discovery defeated his plans to be prepared for other work. When he got back he told Jailor Fenn that if he was sent back to the State prison to be fed on stinking meat, he would not live beyond ten days, as he should refuse to eat or drink, and could easily destroy himself in that way.

On being taken back to the prison, after he was sentenced to be kept there till the time of his hanging, he began the execution of his threat. His food was placed in his cell regularly, but he refused to touch it. He was silent as to his motives, and nearly all the time lay on the bunk in his cell.

On the fifth day of abstinence, as already stated, he tasted water, but after that, so far as is known, he tasted nothing until Saturday last, when he ate about one-quarter of the ration of mush and molasses placed before him.

On Friday his counsel visited him and told him that they had filed a motion in error for a new trial, and he now says—and that is about all that can be got out of him—that he was led by this information to eat food. On Sunday he ate again, but sparingly; and several persons visited him, though they were unable to get anything out of him concerning his motives for starvation, further than as it related to the new trial.

Above reference is made to the extraordinary deprivation of going nine days without eating; yet it is not so wonderful in the light of several notable instances, and it may be that Wilson, aside from the notoriety which many suppose he aims at exclusively, has only been making an experiment. He is too cunning to disclose his real motive. I am not so sure that he has not read the diary of Lac Antonio Viterbi, which was kept while this great criminal, under sentence of death by the guillotine, was in the prison of Corsica in 1821. There are experiences recorded in his journal, which appear in a very interesting little work written by Mr. Benson, of the English Chancery bar; and it is thought he gathered the most important lessons from Viterbi, who starved himself to death in approved fashion, and with a singular regard for all the details of a slow process of death. Every day he carefully noted his feelings, the condition of his vital organs, and kept a record of his observations.

He was without food eighteen days. His diary is a most interesting and well and clearly written record of personal experiences. At the end of the second week, he says, he did not feel any inconvenience; that at other times he felt a burning thirst, and on the last day, just before his death, he made this apparently satisfactory record:

“Last day, at eleven o’clock, I am about to end my days with the serene death of the just. Hunger no longer torments me; thirst has entirely suspended. My stomach and bowels are entirely tranquil, and my head is unclouded and my sight clear; in short, an unusual calm reigns not only in my heart and in my conscience, but over my whole body. The few moments which I have to live glide pleasantly away as the water of a small brook flows through a beautiful and delicious plain.”

The iron cage, into which Wilson was put on being taken back to prison after his trial, was vacated in consequence of the storm of indignation raised throughout the community at putting a man into such a place, the cell being away from all others, and the boiler-iron affair, which it is, was designed as a place of punishment. His present cell is exactly the one referred to above, the most secure of any in the prison, and a double security has been taken in the strength of the door fastenings. It is located on the north corner side of the lower floor row of cells, just as the visitor passes from the reception room into the prison hall. There are two jams to the cell door, protruding about eighteen inches, and made of solid brick. The door consists of round bars of iron running up and down, with no aperture, a large plate in the centre incloses the lock. It swings against the right jam, and locks into the left jam. At the top of the door is a bar running through a whole row of cells. This is as the cell was first constructed.

Now to make it more secure, there has been put next to the door a thick plate of iron on either side, ten or twelve inches wide; through the plate is cut a slot four or five inches wide and an inch long, with a hole drilled through the jam: then a flat bar of steel through the slot and all, and a padlock on the outside of each jam fastens this crossbar completely; so that could a prisoner succeed in getting the door to swing, he could not open it, in consequence of the outside barriers. No living man could open it without



assistance. The cell is small, though well lighted. The experience of Wilson, according to his own story, is that he suffered fearfully on the fourth or fifth day of his fasting, and it was during this almost madness that he was compelled to take a drink of water. There was such a craving that he could not endure it, and, whether responsible for the act of drinking, or whether it was an unconscious proceeding, he being controlled by an irresistible impulse as insane persons often are, he is unable to tell : all he knows is that he got the water, and, after taking it, his hunger left him.

The first effect upon Wilson when he took his mush and molasses for the first time during his fast was pleasant ; but soon there came a terribly hot sensation in his stomach, followed almost instantly by slight pains through the system, and rapid heart-beating, his heart fairly jumping into his throat ; this startling sensation being very soon succeeded by a high fever, though the perspiration then began to appear, and, barring a burning feeling in the stomach, Wilson says he was in no pain ; and there has been no pain since to speak of, though he says he feels weak, as if rising from a bed of sickness, but feels that he is slowly gaining strength, and will, before many days, be himself again. He has lost not over fifteen pounds of flesh during his long deprivation, and is now eating more substantial food than mush, he choosing to take that at first because of its light cathartic nature.

The food which he has is substantial, and he declares that he has no fault to find with that placed daily in his cell since he was taken back there.

To-day he persists in his first statement that he decided not to die because the motion for giving him a new trial has been made, and is still as bitter as when in court, against the management of the prison before the tragedy was committed, and defends himself as stoutly as before in the matter of killing the Warden, saying that he did the act in self-defence, and would do it again under similar provocation. " If I get a new trial, I ought to be allowed to show what my treatment here has been. If you kill a man who seeks your life, you will be allowed to show the justification. So ought I to be, for I took the life of Captain Willard because under his treatment I could not live."



I spoke to him about writing his life, telling him that his experience in crime had been so eventful that a recital of his deeds would make a thrilling record for the public to read ; and his reply was, that if doomed to die he would write it, but for the benefit of his sister, who is old and poor, and lives in Brooklyn, New York. There is no doubt that he has been one of the most successful burglars which this country has produced. From what I know of the man, I am satisfied that he has been a murderer before. There are some of his escapes so marvellous, that without a tragedy they could not have been successfully performed ; but he has covered up his tracks by assumed names in prison, and the Wilson of to day is a worse villain of yesterday, and those having knowledge of previous murders committed by his hand do not dream that he is the man. In his written life, which he will not surrender till death is sure, there will be some of the most startling revelations.

He has two chances for a new trial—one on the action of the Supreme Court, and the other on legislative action. He firmly believes that if he can get a new trial, he will not be convicted of murder, providing he can get his testimony in ; and if he should be given a new trial it would be on that point—the refusal to admit testimony at the late trial—and he would get it in. But he is mistaken ; there will be no new trial ; and, if one, only a confirmation of the recent verdict. Meanwhile he holds his life in his own hands. He can kill himself by starvation, and has satisfied himself of that ; and, for this reason, he is willing to live till the last chance is gone. The *World's* account of the prisoner was wrong in almost every essential particular ; and the description of the iron cage was far from correct. It was said in that account that the cage was inclosed with solid granite, of which there is not a slab in the prison. It is surrounded by brick one foot thick, covered with mortar.—*New York Sun*.

## A CASE WITH A MORAL.

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1876.

MISS LINDA GILBERT :

DEAR MADAM: You have asked me to write a few lines for your book, and I, in turn, have asked myself how I could most worthily respond to this flattering invitation.

If I understand your mission aright, it is bettering the condition of prisoners. Truly a noble work. And if you agree with me, that to soften the hearts of men outside of the prison is the way to soften the hearts of those within, then, I think, you will not consider me trespassing if I relate to you the following simple incident.

A friend of mine had in his employ a lad, of about 15 years of age, who one day took from his desk some silver coins which had been carelessly left there a few minutes before. He called the boy to him, and affectionately putting his hand on his head, said:

"Tell me, Alfred, have I not always been kind to you; and have I not frequently given you proofs that I valued your diligence and trustworthiness?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, then," continued my friend, "I will not misjudge you even in this dark hour, and put the blame where it belongs. Alfred, my boy, from my very heart I ask *your* pardon. It is *I* who acted wrong in putting this temptation before you, and, if you will forgive me, I promise you ever to remember to beware of putting a stumbling block in my brother's way!"

The boy, comprehending the manliness of this appeal, acknowledged his guilt amid a flood of tears, when a mutual promise was made never to refer to the matter again.

Nine years had passed, when my friend, on a journey West, had occasion to do business with a prominent bank. To his astonishment and delight he recognized in the teller of this bank the apprentice of nine years ago, who had also recognized his former master, whom he greeted with the words: "Sir, to you I am indebted for this honorable position."

Now, I know this friend of mine well, and can assure you that he

is just the man to do this sort of sentimental work, as some would call it, over again.

Would not, I ask, a great many of our criminals be this day honest, well-to-do citizens, if their first offence had been treated as an act due to impulsiveness rather than as the result of evil habits; as an offence more to be corrected than to be punished; if, instead of sending the offender to jail—this hotbed of crime—he had been dealt with in the family circle or the home of the philanthropist?

How many good people would pause before giving the order, “fetch the policeman!” could they know what a wreck they are making of that poor lad or lass that stands trembling before them, agitated with the *dread* of punishment.

Will the punishment have a curative or preventive effect? Only in isolated cases. This *dread* of punishment will soon be lost in the prison atmosphere, and make place for a callousness that “mocks the meat it feeds on.”

I wish you God speed in your good work, madam, and would you could enlist some of our great good men and women to assist you in softening the hearts outside of the prison walls against young offenders, so that when a poor erring soul is tempted aside from the straight path, and love steps in to save it, it is not always met by those beautiful Northpole sentiments of indignant virtue: “Be just before you are generous!” “Society must be protected!” etc.

Very truly yours,

S. ARNHEIM.

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## CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected  
 Of some secret deed of shame,  
 And for this by all rejected,  
 As a thing of evil fame;  
 Guard thine every look and action,  
 Speak no word of heartless blame;  
 For the slanderer's vile detraction  
 Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing  
 Ways the lost have wandered in,  
 Working out his own undoing  
 With his recklessness and sin ;  
 Think, if placed in his condition,  
 Would a kind word be in vain ?  
 Or a look of cold suspicion  
 Win thee back to truth again ?

There are spots that have no flowers—  
 Not because the soil is bad,  
 But the summer's genial showers  
 Never make their bosoms glad ;  
 Better have an act that's kindly  
 Treated sometimes with disdain  
 Than, by judging others blindly,  
 Doom the innocent to pain.

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## CRIMINALS, AND HOW TO TREAT 'THEM.

LECTURE BY REV. R. A. HOLLAND.

Quite a large congregation of people listened, lately, to the lecture of Rev. R. A. Holland, rector of St. George's Church, at the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, St. Louis.

The subject of the lecture, "Criminals, and How to Treat Them," was discussed from the text found in the fortieth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Said the lecturer in substance: In glorifying Christ as the founder of our religion, which seeks the regeneration of the individual soul, we are too apt to forget his office as a reformer in society. Among the recent attacks on Christianity is the charge that, indulging in the dream of a future of immortality, it neglects to attend to the temporary well-being of mankind. Many ardent philanthropists have tried to displace religion, in executing their various schemes for the benefit of society. But since the advent of Christ on earth there has been no single movement for the benefit of the race which His Spirit did

not vivify, or His deeds exemplify. True, there have been instances where Christ has been eliminated. To judge Christianity by its corruptions is as unfair as to judge of the pure stream at its rock fountain, by the river that receives the filthy sewerage of cities. It is a wonder that in spite of abuses tainting its waters, the stream of life has born a new chemistry that tends to purify. After three centuries of spiritual despotism that numbed its faculties, the human mind now feels the stirring of new thoughts. These conditions epitomize themselves in the principles—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The former is the reason of the latter, while the latter is the demonstration of the former.

The fatherhood of God implies the impress of His image upon man, the grandeur in humanity. Birth and wealth are mere accidents. It is no merit of mine that I am an American and not an Arab. No merit of mine that I am the child of comfort. In the ragged newsboy or the smooched boot-black I see my own youth marked out, if I had been born of the same parentage, and had been suffered to live under the same neglect. One spirit runs through us all, bespeaking a divine ancestry, and all that now belittles man will be lost sight of in future excellencies. We are all alike, and in infancy we see the same traits. We have the same emotions, love, grief, friendship, as privations are the same in their origin. It is the display of these traits in the humble and lowly, found in the writings of one now dead, that has brought garlands to his grave.

Are not the poor and lowly all the sons of God? Shall they, because of their lack of good influences in early life, be thought less of than myself? Behold in me their nature, which is mine. See in all those possible Christs whom to love is a privilege. This is the gospel of the fatherhood of God not preached in vain. It is this gospel which has done so much for humanity, in giving free governments, and all the institutions of learning, hospitals for the sick; that has abolished tyrannies, established democracies, reformed our prisons. It is this gospel which has been exemplified in the deeds of Florence Nightingale. But the grandest conquests by this gospel lie still in the future. Institutions are to be reformed, and the customs of society changed.

Heretofore crime has been considered the violent rupture of the

ligaments that bind the individual to society; hence our penal system is used to banish the criminal from the pale of society. No doubt criminals should be punished, but justice without mercy is retributive justice and no justice. That system, in dealing with the malefactor as so much bone and muscle to be punished, crushes out what little manhood remains, and compels him to continue in crime to perpetuate his own life. So criminals increase. It is now realized that in our penal system ten criminals are made for every one that is cured. Treating men as cattle, it makes them cattle, and well may it be said, he who enters here must leave his soul behind. See this system by which the prison keeper grows rich; the criminal is bound out to contractors, who become rich on his unrequited labors. He is cuffed and beaten, and if he happens to show the least display of manly resentment for ill-treatment, and having no means of appealing to the people as against the prison warden, he is subjected to torture. We find him without sympathy, deprived of social pleasures, without employment for his thoughts, without books by which he can converse with the spirits of the dead. Who can approach him without injury by contact? Without any of the appliances by which he may be helped to a better life, he becomes utterly crushed. Convicts are utterly damned for this life so soon as they enter your penitentiaries. But the greater punishment comes after imprisonment. Criminals are under the ban of public opinion. That follows them after the release from prison.

The lecturer illustrated this by the case of a young man who, just released from an Illinois prison, had applied to him for assistance, but whom he did not dare to leave in his home alone without having a friend to watch him. The young man felt the lack of confidence exhibited and suffered extremely, and the lecturer said he had been taught a lesson. It matters not that a man has been in prison; if he desires to reform he should be treated as a fellow-man, and encouraged to persevere in his new life.

Reform is needed in the management of prisons. Is there no remedy for the justice that drives its victim forth to the commission of other crimes? Is there no remedy for this close confinement, this nausea, these narrow cells, the cages worse than those of the menagerie that confine hyenas, the instruments of torture, the tying of

thumbs as a means of the elevation of aspirations? Shame, shame on a civilization that tolerates such things! Shame on such brotherhood; shame on such a religion that permits these infamies! Yet, men of Missouri, they are perpetrated in your own State. I have a letter from a young man who was confined in jail on charges of which he was afterwards acquitted. He says the cells where he was confined were five by seven feet, never clean, the mattresses had never been washed, but were full of filth; one prisoner had been in his cell eight months before he was permitted to walk in the hall. There were no spoons, or knives, or forks, or towels. Although sixty-five cents per day was paid for board, the county jailer gave each prisoner only two or four biscuits made of black flour, two ounces of corn bread, and two ounces of meat, and this oftentimes rotten. Then there was water boiled, sprinkled with burnt flour and salt and pepper, and called soup. Men were beaten and pinioned—but I cannot go on. I can only say that the only retribution I would visit, would be that each man who inflicts such things should be obliged to suffer them. Recently one of your own pet institutions was accidentally thrown open, and there was revealed a sight shocking to the community. This is the case not in one prison, but in all.

Our churches expend millions in sending religion to the other side of the earth, yet here at home there is worse suffering than that caused by the inhuman slave trade.

These men are our brothers to whom you have been doing all this evil. Rub the soil from a dirty face and you will oftentimes find a pure soul beneath. Deal with them as you would with your boyhood's friends. The strongest of us may fall. See the temptations on all sides. Justice permits the licensing of grog-shops, and no official hand dashes the fatal cup from youthful lips. The law knows that two-thirds of its victims can trace back their crimes to whiskey. Boards of health know that tenement-houses reek with filth and disease. Governments blow up houses to prevent the spread of fire. Quarantines prevent the landing of infected people, yet society is an accomplice in the crimes committed against it. But mercy shall have its triumph, for vengeance has worked long enough. Humanity has ceased to respect the gray hairs of wrong. It resents as insults things not complained of. It says to kings and



priests, Beware how you deal with that which is mightier than crowns and mitres, and is dangerous to tamper with. A brighter day is coming, and the star worshippers of old must go back or give up their creed. When the people shall have seen clearer, they shall walk in a diviner light.

The lecturer then explained his purpose in giving the lecture, which was to assist Miss Gilbert, who is seeking to aid prisoners by giving them mental food in the form of libraries. He invited his hearers to make a handsome Christmas present, in the form of books or money.

A collection was then taken up, and the congregation was dismissed.  
—*St. Louis Republican*, Dec. 30, 1873.

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## PRISON REFORM.

ADDRESS PRONOUNCED AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL PENITENTIARY COMMISSION, AT BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, SEPTEMBER 10, 1873, BY E. C. WINES, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSION.

GENTLEMEN OF THE INTERNATIONAL PENITENTIARY COMMISSION, AND HONORABLE COLLEAGUES: Convened in this beautiful city, the capital of a country early and honorably distinguished for its profound study of the penitentiary question, and its enlightened application of the principles of penitentiary science, we may fitly exchange congratulations on the progress already attained, and on the cheering outlook for the future of our great work. The Congress of London, to which this body owes its existence and its power of of useful action, was an event of the highest significance. It was one of those events which mark, with the clearness of sunlight, the progress of humanity; a landmark in the march of ages; a veritable epoch in the history of penitentiary science and prison reform. Gentlemen of the Commission, we all know the remarkable success of the Congress of London, for we were all there to see it for ourselves. It was a great gathering in many respects: great in the



extent of the territories from which it drew its members ; great in the number of governments and peoples represented in it ; great in the elements which composed it ; great in the work which it accomplished ; and great in the results which have already flowed from it, and in those which are destined to flow, in increasing volume, through coming ages, from the same prolific fountain.

The creation of the present Commission, gentlemen, grew out of a suggestion which I had the honor to offer in the last of the circulars addressed by me, while engaged in the work of organizing the Congress, to the several national committees which co-operated in that work, to the effect that it would be desirable, with a view to continue and multiply the benefits flowing from the proposed Congress, that some permanent international organization should be effected. The form given by the Congress to the organization thus suggested was that of a permanent International Penitentiary Commission, charged primarily with the duty of establishing a comprehensive practical system of international penitentiary statistics : and, also, with the further duty of a sort of general care and oversight of other penitentiary questions, having an international relation and bearing.

It was well understood, at the time of its creation, that the honorable Secretary of the Commission, Mr. Beltrani-Scalia, of Italy, would take the laboring oar in preparing a series of forms for recording the statistical information to be sought from the various countries of the civilized world. This duty Mr. Scalia has discharged with his accustomed ability, and in a manner worthy of his wide and high reputation as a criminal statistician. I am happy to announce that a considerable number of the governments of Europe have signified their purpose to fill up, with the necessary figures, the admirable formulas sent to them, and thus, so far as they are concerned, supply the Commission with the statistics asked.

As regards my own country, a word of explanation is necessary. The National Government at Washington has no prisons of its own, and does concern itself with penitentiary matters ; consequently, all the prisons of the United States are under the jurisdiction of the States in which they are severally found. Of course there is no common bond of union between them ; no general administration

of the whole country ; and no uniform system of statistics. Indeed, beyond the State prisons (called in Europe convicts' prisons, or central prisons), a few houses of correction (for this class of prisons is not found in most of our States), and the juvenile reformatories, statistics of any value are wholly wanting. There is no existing organization, except the National Prison Association, a voluntary society still in its infancy, which can gather penitentiary statistics from the whole country ; and even when gathered, it would be difficult to reduce them to common formulas. To accomplish this object would be a work of time, and requiring no inconsiderable expenditure of money. Still, the Association was willing to undertake the task, and, in that view, applied last winter to Congress for a subsidy of \$10,000. This was voted by the Senate, but rejected by the House of Representatives. Still, our hope is that this was only a postponement of the aid sought, and that on another trial, the result will be more favorable. We shall hardly be able to fill up the formulas for the current year, but shall hope to do something in this direction next year.

I cannot forbear, in this connection, a passing remark on the supreme importance of a uniform system of penitentiary statistics for the entire civilized world, since such a system is absolutely essential to broad and solid progress in this most important department of social science. The laws of social phenomena can be ascertained only through the accumulation of facts. Returns of such facts, carefully gathered from a wide field of observation, and skilfully digested and tabulated, are indispensable to enable us to judge of the effect of any criminal code or penitentiary system which may have been put in operation. What we want to know is the facts ; but a knowledge of the facts relating to so complex a subject as that of crime and criminal administration implies a mass of figures, collected from all quarters, and arranged with reference to some well-defined end. The local and the special are to little purpose here. It is the general only that has value ; that is to say, returns so numerous, so manifold, and drawn from so wide a field of observation and amid such diversified circumstances, as to give real significance to the results. It is such returns alone that will yield inferences of practical value. We want to get an average ;

but in order to do this, we must have scope and variety enough, both in the range and character of our returns, to be enabled to eliminate from them whatever is local and accidental, and to retain only what is general and permanent. Only on this condition will our conclusions as to what constitutes the essence of the matter be sound and safe. Only on this condition shall we be able to feel that our inferences rest, not upon mere incidents of the phenomena, which may be partial, casual, and immaterial; but upon the phenomena themselves, apart from variations which are only temporary or adventitious. In proportion as our facts are gathered from narrow limits and confined to short periods of time, our generalizations will be unsafe as a basis of argument, for we can never be sure that the mere accidents of the experiment may not have determined the character of the result. A practice founded on conclusions arrived at in this way, though scientific in form, would be empirical in fact; and dogmatism would have been mistaken for induction. Nor can this false reasoning be corrected otherwise than by returns which, if not universal, are at least general; that is to say, broadly comprehensive of both space and time.

A question of the greatest importance will undoubtedly come before this commission at its present meeting, viz.: Shall another International Penitentiary Congress be convened? If this question is answered in the affirmative, three others will immediately arise, viz.: 1. When shall the new Congress be held? 2. Where shall it be convened? 3. On what bases shall it be organized? I will briefly consider these questions in their order.

I. *Shall another International Penitentiary Congress be convened?* Here I desire to cite an extract from a letter addressed to me last autumn by an honored member of this commission, Mr. Pols, of Holland, who says: "The great aim of such Congress is to stir public opinion and give it a mighty impulse in some direction. This aim, I think, has been fully attained by the London Congress, and as I believe that public opinion rules the world, not only in free countries, like yours and mine, but even in states seemingly directed by an uncontrolled executive power, the indirect results of the Congress will soon appear, and our (or as I do not hesitate to say your) work will be proven not to have been fruitless. The thoroughly prac-

tical and scientific character of the proceedings, the earnest and, on many points, exhaustive discussions, and the unanimous accord finally reached concerning so many great and important principles of penitentiary discipline, insure its success, which will prove the greater, as it will be won by instillation and not by strong measures, too soon in general nullified by reactions. Nor do I think it one of the least remarkable results of the Congress that men, so widely diverging as to the means of working out common principles, have met one another without any contention or personal strife, but, without an exception that I am aware of, have shown the greatest esteem for their strongest antagonists, the largest toleration for adverse opinions. The absence of petty jealousies and personal vanities insures, as I believe, an impartial and broad consideration of the rival systems." A Congress of which so much can be truly said, and I believe all this to be true, must, of necessity, be repeated. I therefore look for a unanimous vote from the Commission in favor of holding another Congress, similar in character and design to the one which met last year in London.

II. *When shall such Congress be convened?* My personal opinion as to the most suitable time for holding the Congress is so closely related to my conception of what the Congress itself should be, that is, of the manner in which it should be constituted, that it will be necessary to develop the latter before I can state the former in a way to give to it the proper force. I conceive it, then, to be most desirable that the next International Penitentiary Congress should be a body representing, literally and absolutely, the whole civilized world. I would wish every nation, state, province, and colony on the globe to be there by its delegates. In short, I desire the Congress to be, in the true and full sense, an Ecumenical Penitentiary Council, drawn from broader territories and more distant regions than were ever represented in any Ecumenical Ecclesiastical Council, summoned by papal authority. It is evident that the organizing of such a body would be a work involving immense labor in the three forms of travel, negotiation, and correspondence. I do not believe that so great a work can be accomplished before the summer of 1876. At least, it would not be safe to calculate upon its accomplishment at an earlier date. I therefore propose the summer or autumn of 1876

as the most fit time for convening the Congress, which I have assumed would be voted by the Commission.

But such a work as I have suggested will not accomplish itself. Somebody must do it. Where is the agent to undertake the task? I can only say, in the words of a prophet in response to a higher summons, "Here am I, send me." I have already spent three years of incessant and exhausting toil in organizing three Penitentiary Congresses (two national and one international); and I am willing to give three more such years to this one, the preparation for which would be equal in its exactions to that of the three others, since it would necessitate the circumnavigation of the globe and journeyings from the frozen regions of the North to the equally frozen regions of the South.

III. *Where shall the proposed Congress be held?* On this point I hold no opinion with such strength that I would not readily yield it to that of the majority of my colleagues of the commission. My personal choice would be the city of New York, in my own country; first, because 1876 being the One Hundredth Anniversary of our existence as a nation, there is to be that year, as a part of its appropriate celebration, a great International Exposition at Philadelphia, which will draw people from all parts of the world; and, secondly, because New York would be a point more accessible than any city in Europe to the States of South America, all of which will, I trust, be represented, and also to the nations and provinces of the East. If, however, the continent of Europe be fixed upon, Switzerland would be my preference; and if that country should be chosen, it would, I suppose, be a matter of course that Berne or Geneva should be the city to receive the Congress.

IV. *On what bases shall the Congress be organized?* On this point I desire first to cite a passage in a letter received last autumn from an honorable member of this commission, Mr. Stevens, of Belgium, who says: "If another Congress shall be held, I would propose—

1. That all discussions take place in the French language.
2. That the questions to be considered be published at least three months before the opening of the Congress.
3. That the number of these questions be restricted as much as possible, and all those excluded which are not of an international interest.
4. That each country

prepare a complete exposition of its penitentiary situation, similar to that furnished by Belgium to the Congress of London, and communicate it to the permanent International Commission some months in advance of the assembling of the Congress. 5. That the Congress meet in Europe, in one of the large cities of the continent." Mr. Stevens adds: "I think that in this way the discussions will be better prepared, and that the Congress will be able to vote resolutions, whose authority will be incontestable." On the fifth proposition of Mr. Stevens I have already expressed my views, and have nothing to add. On the second I am entirely in accord with my valued correspondent. On the third the same; only I suppose that nearly every question, connected with penitentiary management, which is important for one country has an equal importance for others, so that I do not see that the second branch of the proposition would be much of a restriction. I am in favor of the proposed limitation of questions to be considered, among other reasons, because I hope that these international penitentiary reunions will be repeated at least as often as the Greek Olympiads—once every four years. The fourth suggestion of our excellent colleague seems to me to be one of great importance. I would add the expression of a deep conviction that the question of preventive and reformatory work should be made prominent in the next Congress, and that an exposition of the actual *status* of that work in each country should form a part of the report to be communicated to this Commission. I have some doubt whether the first proposition of my friend ought to be made one of the bases in the organization of the new Congress. I have expressed already the conviction that it is extremely desirable that the Congress should be a World's Conference in the broadest and most absolute sense; that representatives should be found in it from every civilized nation under heaven. I fear that the restriction of the Congress to the use of a single language would materially interfere with the success of that idea; and I am, therefore, strongly inclined to give to the coming reunion at least as broad a liberty in the use of different tongues as was allowed to the Congress of London. No doubt there are some inconveniences attending the employment of several languages in an international convention; but the chief of them is the delay



occasioned by the necessity of translation. The addition, however, of two or three days to the sessions would, to my mind, be a far less evil than the exclusion of perhaps a score or more of nations and states from the Congress. If it should be objected that the communities which would stay away from the conference on this ground would not be likely to contribute much to its deliberation, I answer by saying that the question is not one of communicating simply, but of receiving as well. It is a question of doing good no less than of obtaining it. If Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine, and the South American States should not add much to our stock either of facts or principles, they might all receive immense benefits from a participation in the conference. Thus the world itself would be set forward in its great work of civilization, and society would everywhere make progress in virtue, wisdom, order, reform, and happiness.

Gentlemen of the Commission, and honored Colleagues: I have already alluded to the early interest and advanced position taken in penitentiary reform by the country which has offered us her hospitality for the present meeting. But I should fail to do justice either to my own feelings or to our honored host, if I did not add a word or two to what I have already said. Belgium has been, pre-eminently, the pioneer of the world in this good work. Thanks to a citizen of whom any country might be proud, the Viscount Vilian XIV., certainly one of the wisest and most gifted statesmen who have ever contributed by the light and warmth of their genius to the progress of humanity, it is just one hundred years ago that a penitentiary was opened in the neighboring city of Ghent, in which were intelligently and successfully applied nearly all the great principles which the world is even to-day but slowly and painfully seeking to introduce into prison management. What are those principles? Reformation of criminals as the supreme end to be kept in view; hope, as the great regenerative force in prisons; industrial labor, as another of the vital forces to be employed to the same end; religious and scholastic education and training, as a third force belonging to the same category; abbreviations of sentence and participation in earnings, as incentives to be held out to prisoners to diligence, good conduct, and effort at self-improvement; the enlistment of the will of the criminal in the work of his own moral regeneration—his new

birth to a respect for the laws ; the introduction of a variety of trades into prisons, and the thorough mastery by every prisoner of some one handicraft, as supplying the means of honest support after discharge ; the use of the law of love and kindness, as an agent in prison discipline, to the exclusion, as far as possible, of the grosser forms of force, which act upon the will mainly through the body ; the utter worthlessness of short imprisonments, and the absolute necessity of longer terms, even for minor offences, as the sole condition of the application to such offenders of reformatory processes ; and the care, education, and industrial training of the children of the poor, and of other children addicted to vagrant habits, or otherwise in peril of falling into crime—an anticipation, in essential features and aims, of the industrial school and juvenile reformatory of the present day.

Even the illustrious Howard was a different man from what he would have been, and wrought a higher and nobler work for humanity than he would have accomplished, but for the inspiration he received from his repeated visits to the penitentiary of Ghent. I can ask nothing better, gentlemen, than that the same inspiration may breathe upon our hearts and guide our counsels in the work which has called us together from so many different and distant countries.

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#### LETTER FROM SIGNOR DASSI TO MISS GILBERT.

NEW YORK, 8th May, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

We boast of the achievements of our civilization, we consider the modern conquests and supreme victories of the human spirit, but, when we look to the future, we see an ocean of evils that afflict humanity, as if inexorable facts impose upon man the sorrowful spectacle of moral and physical misery.

You have, and with reason, made an onslaught upon these iniquities, believing that good is possible.

This consideration has conducted your noble heart to dedicate yourself entirely to the grandest philanthropic work : the redemption of the fallen.



All your forces, moral and physical, are consecrated to proclaim justice and to condemn the brute force that annihilates it, at the same time to save inconsistent society from terrible reactions.

You have had the holy inspiration, the courage, energy, and faith alone and unaided to initiate the work ; proving with facts the certainty of happy results.

It is not the first time I confer with you upon this grave question ; you know how much interest I have entertained, how much I desire to see your work vigorously diffused, organized, and conducted with that love, activity, and energy which you have, from your youth, applied to promote and establish it.

Therefore, on arriving in this land of liberty, my first thought recurred to you.

It is natural. What reform is more necessary, more urgent, more just, than the rehabilitation of the prisoner ? And what circumstance is more propitious and favorable than the Centennial Exhibition, where all nations unite to celebrate the conquests achieved in and through peace, liberty, science and labor, and to proclaim justice in all and for all ?

The arduous problem which you have attempted and partially solved is a problem which concerns the whole of humanity, and I am persuaded that it will attain solution.

The nation is the grandest manifestation of human goodness. But too often the ignorance, the abjectness of spirit, renders many who fall unable to rise again.

You have undertaken to destroy these perpetuated, great evils by the rehabilitation of the prisoner.

Society is intensely interested in your enterprise. I am therefore persuaded that your appeal to the public will meet with favor and support.

It concerns the salvation of society itself, to convert an element of disorder into an element of order.

The grandeur and utility of your work will be recognized by all.

America, the native land of the greatest, noblest philanthropies, ancient and modern, will not remain deaf to your appeal, nor will your voice be a voice in the desert.

Abide faithful in the future ! The victory shall not fail you !

It has been providential that a woman of America initiates the practical rehabilitation of the prisoners. A woman is the angel of the vision, the inspiration of all the most elevated and noble sentiments, and the dignity of humanity is resplendent in her virtue.

You deserve universal gratitude. Your name is sacred to all and an honor to your sex.

Ever faithfully advance! Enjoy life, health and happiness, and believe me to be, with profound admiration,

Yours,

GIUSEPPE DASSI.

## THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Eco d'Italia* :

I owe you a debt of gratitude for the affectionate words and encouragement you have on several occasions given me through your distinguished paper, exhorting me to persevere in the path of charity towards the poor prisoners.

When an illustrious patriot, beloved among our most deserving countrymen, honors me with his counsels, I am sensible of my own insignificance and of the efficient help extended to me by yourself, by Saffi, my esteemed godfather Garibaldi, General Avezzana, by Filopanti, Giorgio Pallavicini, Riciardi, my beloved friends Signorina Gualberta Alaide Beccari, the able and esteemed editress of *La Donna*, the ladies Giorgina Saffi, Lazzati, Ravizza, and many other noble hearts.

You see, dear sir, that I have very little merit in following such experienced and able workers, who, co-operating with my dear parents, facilitate my way and stimulate my perseverance in the enterprise. Women have, in the family and in society, a mission of peace and love, which must by all means be upheld, if they would not lose the sweet and efficacious influences they exercise upon philanthropic enterprise.

The moral and physical evils that afflict humanity in general are grave, and we find them aggravated as we descend to the poorer multitudes.

In fact, ignorance, first cause of all the misery, all the guilt and anguish, brutalizes the spirit and hardens the heart.

These inexorable plagues of delinquency are aggravated by the inability of the poor, discharged prisoner to rehabilitate himself.

Italy has a few institutions of patronage for the prisoners, but, in the main, they perform their functions neither with alacrity nor energy, they are isolated, and so to say individualized.

Generous and philanthropic hearts are not wanting among us, but they should unite and co-operate in order to be able the better to attend to and regulate questions of economy, of morals and of providing labor and instruction for the prisoners.

This work of redemption of the poor fallen is felt to be urged by a universal impulse, and here, under favorable auspices, I hope, will speedily succeed.

A powerful incentive has come to me from my dear friend, Miss Linda Gilbert of New York. Her sacrifices, her courage, her self-denials, her energy and her constancy have inspired and determined me to follow her example.

We in Italy anxiously watch this great benefactress, and wait impatiently to see her assisted in her sacred work.

When I see entire families, women, girls, and boys, plunged into demoralization, because the head of the family had the misfortune to be imprisoned, perhaps for but a trivial offence, my heart aches and I ask myself, if this man (I speak not of exceptional cases of perversity) gives proofs of sincere penitence, would like to work and be honest, should he not reasonably have some hope to be again received in society, to make himself useful and to save himself and his innocent family from ruin? The popular indifference and callousness that would evade such reflections, haunts me as a painful dream, a thing inconceivably monstrous and dangerous to society, whose study it should be to diminish the evils which befall a state from practices subversive of justice and destructive to the true interests of society.

But this in fact is the absolute truth, and in order to demonstrate the gravity of the evil I occupy myself with a statistical work shortly to be published.

Therefore, my dear sir, in the spirit that guides my work, I pray

you further to grant me your efficacious assistance and to accept as an acknowledgment of my indebtedness to you, the gratitude and esteem with which I subscribe, dear sir,

Yours devotedly,

LEONTINA DASSI.

### A HAUNTED MAN.

*From the New York "Sun."*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir* : It is quite useless, of course, in the existing state of public sentiment, to lift up one's feeble voice against the execution of the death penalty by hanging; and I should not trouble myself, as to the Dolan affair reported in your columns this morning, to enter an unavailing protest, were it not that, from experience of my own, I am firmly convinced of the morbid nervous tendencies attendant upon witnessing executions, and even upon perusal of their details as pictured by the graphic hand of the practised reporter. I have met persons on whom such spectacles operated as a morbid nervous stimulant, and who would walk leagues rather than miss being present at the execution of a murderer; just as I have met old ladies who would regard it as a real deprivation to miss a funeral for leagues about, and have been heard to complain dolefully when two funerals happened on the same afternoon.

For myself, I have reported a number in the course of a long service as daily journalist, and I verily believe that executions are self-perpetuating—self-perpetuating because murders, by some strange psychological law, can often be traced to the morbid incitation and the almost uncontrollable nervous sympathy that such spectacles engender. I was present at the execution of Gonzales and Pellicier in the Raymond street jail-yard, Brooklyn. It was a still, semi-darkened, rainy afternoon, or, rather, it drizzled and misted in place of raining, as if somehow the weather was holding its breath and waiting for the affair to be over, before proceeding to business: and, to strengthen the fancy that such was the case, just after that horrible clatter in the box that contained the Dennis of the event had sub-

sided, it came down in earnest for a few minutes, and dripped drearily from the black cross-beam, and from the black figures with clown's caps on their heads, though the caps were as black as the rest. And as the drops gathered into larger drops, and fell steadily upon the platform, nervous as I was, and sick at heart, their devilish tattoo worked its way into my brain in such a manner that I have lost since then one of the pleasantest things in life—that of listening to rain-drops. I saw them hanging there, and broke into a paroxysm of nervous laughter that shocked the solemn sheriff, the deputies talking in low tones, and the bullet-headed executioner, and made the latter look calculatingly at my neck. Since then a bubble of happy laughter has an inhibiting influence on the optic nerve. I dread to laugh or hear the sweetest laughter; for I see myself sitting in a jail-yard in the rain, with two suspended corpses motioning toward me with their feet, and deputies wondering why a man should laugh when he wasn't tickled.

But that is not the worst of it. No matter where I am, or in what agreeable society, with any sudden darkening of the atmosphere, as of the sun passing behind a cloud, I see two black figures swinging under a black cross-beam a few feet from my eyes. It is not a mere recollection of the thing, with its attendant mental spectre, but a vivid reproduction external to myself; such that the gallows and the figures swinging to and fro in the rain are actually before me as they were that day, ah, and that night, too! for what terrible dreams I had, with a thick-set, clean-shaven man, wearing a stiff, round-crowned hat, flitting in and out of a box, and taking a specially demoniac delight in making a clatter. And after each clatter came a black cross-beam of terrible dimensions and two limp but gigantic figures suspended from it by cords ridiculously too small to hang giants with. A thousand things operate as reminders. Sometimes, when I am particularly nervous, a transom over the door, or a long black sign-board, or the sight of a man very thick-necked and bullet-headed, or a round-crowned hat exposed in a hatter's window brings on the horrible vision, and if I shut my eyes I see it all the more.

The result is, sir, that I am a haunted man, and always expect to be so as long as I live; and I am firmly convinced that there are others who are similarly haunted by nervous pictures of the same

kind. Why not execute with hemlock (extract of conium) as the Greeks did, in place of poisoning lunatics with it? Why not make a logical application of anæsthesia? Why not let condemned men pass into awful and menacing silence from the moment of sentence? I concede, sir, that hanging is picturesque—terribly picturesque—savagely so. I see two black figures swinging in the rain at this moment, and I shall see them all night long; and you can readily imagine how, in many temperaments, a morbid impression of this kind may pass into a morbid impulse and impel irresistibly to the tragedy by which it was engendered.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1876.

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## FLOGGING THE PRISONERS.

### HOW IT IS DONE IN KINGS COUNTY PENITENTIARY.

A visitor to the Kings County Penitentiary was surreptitiously handed a letter addressed to the editor of *The Sun*, of which the following are extracts:

"There is an officer connected with the penitentiary, ——— by name. He has charge of the hall, and takes delight in cowhiding prisoners for little or no cause. He has many pets among the convicts, and any prisoner that he dislikes he can find pretext for punishing by sending one of his favorites along the tier to so-and-so's cell. 'Bring him down if he is talking or making a noise.' The favorite knows what this means, and hauls down the victim to be cowhided by the keeper until the shirt and flesh are cut with the lash. This done the tyrant cries out so as to be heard all along the tier: 'Get him another shirt and send him back to his cell.' One prisoner named Robert Burns is insane, and Donnelly has cowhided him until his flesh is black and blue."

James Shevelin, a very young-looking man, is the warden of the institution. He has been in charge for three years, and is a good executive officer in all things pertaining to the personal comfort of the prisoners, and to making the institution self-supporting. When the reporter told Mr. Shevelin the object of his visit yesterday, the

latter at once offered every facility for inquiry, saying that while the fact of occasional flogging was freely admitted, he relied upon being able to show that it had only been administered when no other punishment served to maintain discipline.

Robert Burns was sought in the shoe factory, where over five hundred men, women, and children were turning leather into shoes. He was moping lazily alongside a pile of leather scraps. His life has been spent in crime, and twelve out of his forty years have been passed in prison. In the Auburn prison he one day struck a fellow-convict with a stone hammer and nearly killed him. His record there was that of a sullen, insubordinate, lazy prisoner.

In his next imprisonment in Sing Sing he was concerned in the revolt in which Keeper Jeffrey was killed. Burns was believed to be his murderer, but was acquitted upon trial. While undergoing a short sentence on Blackwell's Island he escaped, but was arrested within a month in the residence of Dr. McCann, at Broadway and Fulton street, Williamsburg. He had entered the house with the assistance of a jimmy, and a full kit of burglars' tools was in his possession. He was convicted and is undergoing a four years' sentence.

"You have an easy job," the reporter remarked.

"It's what they set me at," he replied, between his set teeth. "I've just come out of five days in the dark cell."

"What were you put in there for?"

"Because I got sick and said so. I had just eaten dinner and commenced work when I got a misery in my stomach all of a sudden. I cried out 'I'm poisoned,' and asked to be sent to the hospital. Instead of sending me to the hospital they just crammed me into a dark cell, and have kept me there ever since. I vomited before I got to the cells. That shows I was sick, don't it? They put me in the dark cell for all that."

"Have you ever been punished in any other way?"

"Yes. They've cowhided me twice. See here; the marks are on my back yet," said he, baring his back.

Several stripes across the shoulders told where the whip had fallen. They were healed, but the lines were clearly visible, although the blows were struck two weeks ago. Baring his other shoulder, he



showed lines unhealed, where the thong had gone deeper than the skin. "See there," said he; "they fairly cut the meat off that shoulder. They cut the shirt to pieces. I was so sick that I could not eat for a day afterward."

"Why were you whipped thus?" asked the reporter.

"Because I was sick and wanted to go to the hospital. I have a pain here (pressing his left side), and it hurts me to work. Men abler to work were left in the cells."

"How many shoe tongues can you cut out in a day?"

"From one hundred to one hundred and thirty."

The reporter asked another convict working close by how many shoe tongues he could cut in a day.

"From a thousand to twelve hundred," was the reply.

"Are any of the prisoners treated better than you are?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, every keeper has his pets, suckers we call them. They get their food from the hospital and keeper's kitchen; have butter for their bread, good meat, and good tea. They pay for it by telling stories about the other prisoners."

"Have any of the others been whipped?"

"I know four others that were whipped. I did not see them cowed. mind you. When we are in the cells we cannot see what goes on at the other end of the corridor. We can hear though; and I heard blows, and heard the keeper say when he got through, 'Take off that bloody shirt and give him another.' Their names were Bird, Chase, Cunningham, and Carmody."

Chase, Bird, Cunningham, and Carmody were summoned into the reception-room. Chase and Carmody denied that they had ever been subjected to the lash. They admitted, however, that they had occasionally deserved and had been subjected to other punishment, such as short rations and the dark cell.

Cunningham, who is in for burglary, admitted that he had been cowed. He said that he supposed he was whipped because he knocked a fellow-convict off a bench and would probably have killed him had he not been prevented. His provocation was a fancied insult. A keeper had applied the cowhide, and it was well laid on.

Bird's case was somewhat harder. In the fight for which he was sentenced, a knife was driven into his right eye. Since his imprisonment his left eye has been gradually becoming blind from sympathy. The surgeon had given up his case as hopeless, and he was remanded to the workshop as an incurable, who must be made self-supporting. One morning, desperate at loss of sight and a sense of injustice at being forced to work under such circumstances, he refused to go to the shoeshop. The keeper found him in the cells several hours afterward, and Bird returned insolence for tyranny, and the result was a flogging with a cowhide. None of the prisoners could recall any other cases of flogging.

Warden Shevelin said that it had been his earnest desire to do without the lash, which was a legacy of his predecessors. Bird's flogging, he said, he had then heard of for the first time. Cunningham was flogged for just the reason the prisoner had assigned, and he believed that it had been well timed if not legally authorized. As for Burns, his entire imprisonment had been devoted to unceasing efforts to "beat" the prison discipline. Soon after his admission he feigned sickness, refused food for five days, and clamored to be admitted to the hospital. He was admitted, although Dr. Zabriskie could not perceive any very marked morbid symptoms.

His appetite improved amazingly after admission. Five days afterward he was missed from the hospital, and after some search he was found on the roof, whither he had climbed through a narrow space between the iron bars and the high Gothic windows. He had a rope made of strips of his blankets and sheets, was provided with a jimmy, and was evidently bent upon speedy deliverance. Next day Dr. Zabriskie ordered him to work. For months he cut out no more than from 20 to 30 pairs of shoe tongues, while other convicts easily averaged 500 or 1,000 pairs. In July last the contractors agreed to pay seventy-seven cents per diem for the labor of each convict, instead of fifty-five, as theretofore, and they refused to pay for Burns's labor any longer unless he should be compelled to do a day's work. The surgeon pronounced him physically capable of working, and it would have ended in the subversion of discipline to confess that they were unable to compel his labor. Hence, merely as a measure of discipline, he was punished first by the dark cell, then

by short rations. Frequent repetitions failed to effect any improvement, and the lash was used.

The keeper is not a man to whom one would look for kind and sympathetic treatment. His manner with the prisoners is abrupt and dictatorial, and the felons receive his orders with an abject humility often observed in whipped spaniels.

When asked to show his cowhide he demurred, and would probably have refused anything short of the sharply authoritative order of Warden Shevelin. The whip is about a yard long. It is made of raw hide, curled around a hickory withe. The handle end is about an inch in diameter, and it tapers gradually to a quarter of an inch at the end, which is very flexible. The tip is frayed as if it had been used either very long or very frequently. A very moderate stroke would reach the blood of a bared back. Swung by Keeper Donnelly's brawny arm it might do the same through several thicknesses of clothing.

As Warden Shevelin entertained doubts as to the legality of such punishment, the following clause of the State prison regulations is worthy of his perusal :

"No keeper in any State prison shall inflict any blows whatever upon any convict, unless in self-defence, or to suppress a revolt or insurrection. If it shall be deemed necessary in any case to resort to unusual punishment to produce obedience, the convict shall be confined in a solitary cell on short allowance, such allowance to be prescribed by the physician to the prison."

The use of the lash has been brought to the knowledge of the Brooklyn Supervisors, and the Committee on Prisons will sit at an early day to investigate. Warden Shevelin was their informant.

## AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC

BY MISS GILBERT.

The whole of this book partakes of the nature of an appeal to the community. It must be remembered that, having been identified with this work for many years, prisoners come to me from all directions, applying for assistance.

So far, this work has all been accomplished by my energies and means. After having expended forty thousand dollars, and given years of my life, I am still obliged to carry the burden of the work alone. Since my losses by the Chicago fire, it was only by a great struggle that it has been kept alive, and I have felt with a heavy heart that I must soon abandon the enterprise for want of means.

The small amounts which have been contributed by friends have scarcely paid the expense of raising, if we take into consideration the loss of time and the great labor attending it; the amounts having been secured by individual appeals.

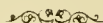
This little souvenir is published for the purpose of starting an endowment fund, as well as to educate an indifferent and unenlightened public to the appreciation of this subject, with the hope that it will reach those who have money and influence, and who will see the necessity of placing this important reform upon a more permanent foundation.

A national fund of one hundred thousand dollars is needed, to be controlled by a board of trustees, and available in any part of the United States where it is most needed. Object of said fund, to furnish libraries for prisons, and employment bureaux for released prisoners.

Are there no wealthy men who will take pride in endowing a work originated and successfully carried forward for many years by a lady alone?

All those who feel interested in, and would like to contribute to this endowment fund; those who will act as trustee or appoint them, and those willing to offer or recommend positions to reformed prisoners, will please communicate with Rev. Dr. Deems, of Church of the Strangers, No. 4 Winthrop Place, New York; or with Linda Gilbert, care H. S. Goodspeed, 14 Barclay Street, New York City.

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